



No. 464.—VOL. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "BLUE-BELLE"

IN THE MUSICAL DREAM-PLAY PRODUCED AT THE VADEVILLE THIS AFTERNOON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. P. DANDO.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Route of the Coronation Procession—The New Coinage—The Streets in the Future—The Kaiser and Dinner-Dress—Coloured Coats for Men.

THE date of the Coronation has been fixed; two wax models have been set up at Norfolk House in order that Peers and Peeresses, tailors and cloak-makers, may see what the robes to be worn at the great ceremony look like, and now the good citizens of London who live in any of the streets that the procession is likely to pass through are doing all that petitions can do to induce the Committee appointed to advise on the matter to recommend that their street shall be included in the route. Clubland remains quite calm and unemotional, for it is not at all likely to be overlooked, and St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly will most certainly, at one time or another during the coming summer, be traversed by one or more of the pageants of which we shall see several during that season. Even if the great procession goes through the Park instead of by Piccadilly, the men of the Clubs in that street will not be broken-hearted, for a procession-day means the disturbing of all routine and the disarrangement of all the interior economy of a Club. The ladies, who have established a right to take possession of the Clubs on these occasions, would lament the omission of the streets of the Clubs from the route far more than the men would.

The new coinage, the five-pound and two-pound pieces, will give the country some beautiful coins, but I doubt whether the heavier pieces will be much used. The Americans have some fine large gold coins, but, being practical people, they put them in the bank and carry about with them, when they require much money, a "wad" of "green-backs." No man in England keeps a five-shilling piece in his pocket longer than he can help, and in France the "cart-wheel" five-franc pieces are very clumsy to carry. In our Colonies where the Mexican dollar and the Japanese yen are the currency—the Straits Settlements and China—no man ever carries any money except the smallest change with which to pay chair or rickshaw coolies. All other monetary transactions are carried out by cheques. In any shop or Club or restaurant an "I.O.U." is signed for a purchase, and at the commencement of each month these are presented to the shroff of a firm or the butler of a private house, who settles the matter and delivers an account to his master. A bank-note has a number on it, and is not hopelessly lost even when it has been stolen; a five-pound-piece once out of pocket is gone for ever.

Darkness and mud, the characteristics of this City of Dreadful Night, afflict Pall Mall just as sorely as they do Ratcliff Highway, and the Clubman, spattered with mud as he sits in a hansom-cab, longs as earnestly as any traveller on foot for the good time coming when we shall be able to move all over London below the surface in light, clean, dry tunnels. The Americans, whom no difficulties deter, run their tramways under the roadways in many of their cities, and, when Mr. Yerkes has transformed the Underground, that Stygian cave of sulphurous horror, into a clean, whitewashed, brilliantly lighted tunnel, no doubt other benefactors to humanity will thrust clean, white ways north and south and east and west through the London clay, and London will be criss-crossed below the surface with "tubes." The omnibus will either disappear or be converted into a vehicle so comfortable that travellers will prefer its luxury to that of the cars below the surface, and the "tubes" will aid in the good work that the automobiles will surely accomplish within a very few years' time, that of sweeping off from the streets all the commoners amongst horses, all the halt, the maimed, and the blind that are worked at night when the "S.P.C.A." and the police do not see or do not take any notice.

The Emperor of Germany is setting the fashion throughout his realms of wearing a shooting-coat at dinner-time in the great houses where he stays for shooting-parties. This is a coat which here we should consider uniform, and the neatness and smartness of it gratifies the German eye, which is accustomed to colour in men's dress. In a somewhat altered manner we might well follow the Kaiser's example. At many country-houses the hunting-men of the party habitually wear scarlet evening-coats at dinner-time, the men whom etiquette permits to mount the facings and buttons of a Hunt wearing them, the others being perforce content with plain collars and buttons. The shooting-men of the party, probably just as distinguished in sport as the hard-riding division, wear only the ordinary black coat common to gentlemen, butlers, and waiters. If the Prince of Wales, who visits yearly some of the great houses to shoot, saw fit to set the example of wearing a dark-green coat at dinner-time on these occasions, he would certainly add to the picturesqueness of all country dinners—for his example would be at once followed—and would earn the gratitude of all hostesses who like to see colour round their dinner-tables.

There are many reasons against men wearing brilliant-coloured clothes out-of-doors in our muddy and smoke-haunted country, but there can be none against coloured coats being worn during the evening indoors. If a suggested change in military mess-dress is carried out, and tail-coats of scarlet, blue, or green, with regimental facings and buttons, are substituted for the present shell-jackets, which do not become a rotund figure, we should certainly see our officers more often in uniform in the evenings, and, once the fashion was set, we should find the brown coats of the coaching-men, the green of men who hunt the hare, the dark-blue of Yachting Clubs, present at most hospitable tables.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Enter Mr. Yerkes—Electricity at Last—Holiday-Time Again—The Overhead-Wire Folly—London Rats—Bravo, MacLaren!—Our Men "Come Off."

AT LAST! I was beginning to despair of ever seeing the matter settled, but now the system of electrical traction which we are to have on the old Underground Railway has been finally selected, and Mr. Yerkes, a New York telegram tells me, has already given out the contract. He is evidently a man who does not let the grass grow under his feet, for the matter has only just been decided. There are no flies on him, as he himself would say. The Metropolitan electric-generating station will have a maximum capacity of a hundred thousand horse-power, which should be sufficient to draw any number of trains, even on Boat Race day.

We are told that the work will be begun immediately, and that within two years from Jan. 1, 1902, we shall have an up-to-date service of electric trains in whitewashed and well-ventilated tunnels. I should like to know, however, what we are to do for the next three years, for I suppose that the trains will not stop running. Still, it is good news that we are to have electric traffic in the old "Sewers," though I do not see why it should be necessary to go to America for it. There ought to be money enough in England for us to do the job on our own.

Holiday-time again, and I don't imagine that anyone is sorry. It is a long pull from the August outings to the Christmas holidays, and the beastly weather in the shortening days makes the late autumn a very gloomy time. As Christmas Day falls on a Wednesday this year, we shall be able to take a good week-end holiday. For my part, I mean to get out of London for a few days, and nearly all of the big shops will be shut from the Tuesday night till the following Monday. The rush from the great London stations on Christmas Eve gets larger and larger every year, and next week will be about a record. Even Cornwall is not too far for people to rush off to for the two or three days.

I wonder how often the wires will have to be blown down by a winter gale before the authorities take the trouble to lay the telegraph-wires underground? Last week, London was cut off from communication with Scotland and the North of England for a couple of days. These storms come every year, though it is not often, luckily, that we have such a breakdown as the one we have just experienced. The money that has been spent in patching up the poles and wires during the last dozen years would have paid for putting the wires underground twice over, without counting the loss to people who want to telegraph on business. We are so used to jogging along in the old ruts that we never notice how idiotic it is to stick up a lot of heavy wires on thin posts, for them to be blown down by the first gale of wind that comes along.

More rat-hunts last week in London! The Buckingham Palace Road is being utterly transformed. A few years ago, the old red-brick houses with gardens in front of them on the west side of the road were pulled down to make room for modern flats, and now the same process is being applied to the east side, for the much-needed extension of the Brighton Station south of the Grosvenor Hotel. The old houses swarmed with rats, just as those between Holywell Street and the Strand did, and the rat-catchers have had a fine sporting time. An old coffee-house in the road had a score of seventy dead rats. Eight hundred were killed in the week, not to mention the many hundreds more which got away. This sort of thing makes one wonder how many rats there are in London, for they swarm whenever an old house is pulled down. It is not over-pleasant to think that there are certainly more rats than human beings in London.

The latest match between MacLaren's team and Australia was watched with keen interest, for it was one of those called a "test" match, though, as MacLaren's team is by no means the best we could have sent out, it would not be surprising if United Australia could beat it. Anyhow, the Englishmen began splendidly, and MacLaren was in fine form, as he scored 116 before he was out "l.b.w." Hayward, too, did well, and hit up 69, although he played a cautious game. MacLaren seems to like Australia, for with Stoddart's Eleven in 1894 and 1895 he scored 120 against Australia, besides 228 against Victoria. Again in 1897-1898 he scored a couple of hundreds against Australia at Sydney, besides three centuries against New South Wales for Stoddart. In 1897-8 Hayward in the same tour made some good scores, although he never succeeded in making a century.

MacLaren's splendid example put spirit into the Eleven all through. Lilley and Braund did well with the bat, and only two of the team—Tyldesley and Jones—failed to come off. In the end the innings closed for the fine total of 464. The Australians started fairly well, as, at the close of the second day's play, with four wickets down, the score was 103, with Clement Hill 42 not out. Then came a surprising collapse, for the "three B.'s"—Barnes, Blythe, and Braund—carried all before them with the ball, and the game ended in a splendid victory for the Englishmen by an innings and 124 runs.

THE RUGBY MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

Played at Queen's Club on Dec. 11, and Won by Oxford (1 Goal and 1 Try to Nil).



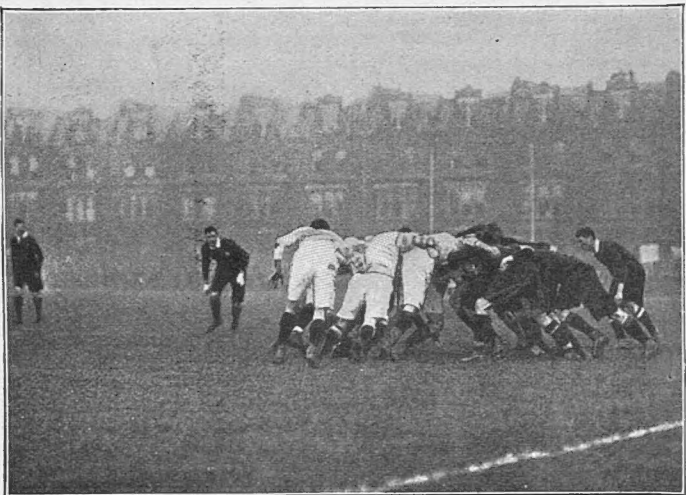
THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM TAKING THE FIELD.



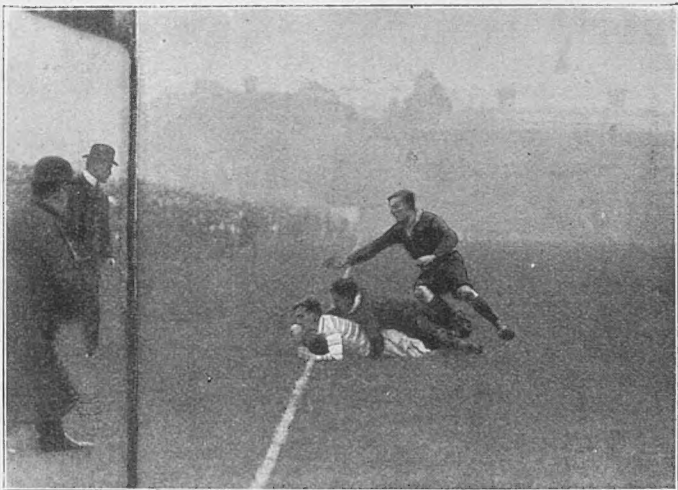
A RUSH BY CAMBRIDGE.



A LINE-OUT.



A SCRUMMAGE.



COLLARED ON THE LINE.



CRABBIE (THE OXFORD CAPTAIN) TAKING THE KICK FROM HIS TRY.



A LINE-OUT.



CAMBRIDGE GET OVER THE LINE FROM A "KNOCK ON."

THE LADIES' DINNER AT THE "O.P." CLUB.

A VERY successful ladies' dinner was given by the "O.P." Club on Sunday at the Criterion, with Miss Maxine Elliott in the chair. The banqueting-hall was crowded with a house containing many American players of note. The toast of "The Ladies," coupled with the name of Miss Elliott, was proposed by the President, who presented her with a handsome ostrich-feather fan on behalf of the Club. Miss Elliott replied briefly but gracefully, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh made a quaint speech on her behalf which caused hearty laughter. Mr. Alfred Robbins, the Vice-President, gave the toast of "The American Stage" in an admirable speech, in which he pointed out that the so-called "American invasion" was a mere case of tit-for-tat, and even now not a quite adequate "tit." Mr. Gillette responded in an excellent speech dealing with the present state of the American stage and its fundamental resemblance to our own, despite some difference in detail—for instance, in pronunciation, on which point he expressed the view that we are at least entitled to mar the language we have made—as we do—and that their interference in the subject is impertinent. Mr. "Sherlock Holmes" Gillette concluded with a stirring peroration, in which he spoke earnestly of the essential unity of the two peoples and of his confidence that on any really great occasion it would be found that the two flags were growing on one post—not "The Washington Post," I trust.

THEATRICAL LADIES' GUILD.

"IF only the male man were present, he'd say we do talk," but how well we talk," said Miss Fanny Brough, brightly, at the close of that cheery function the Annual Meeting of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, for which Messrs. Harrison and Cyril Maude lent the Haymarket Theatre, which was crowded with an audience entirely feminine; and, indeed, the genial President was quite right in saying how well the ladies spoke and also in remarking that Friday's meeting was the most successful the Guild had had—"but I say this every year, and I mean it, too, each time," remarked Miss Brough candidly. The Countess of Beective, who distributed the badges to the best bee-workers, made a very happy little speech, in which she alluded to the stage as one of the greatest delights of her childhood and of her life altogether, and enumerated some of the recent occasions on which members of the dramatic profession had given their services for various War Funds, not to speak of the Hospital Hut in South Africa equipped and stocked by the actors and actresses. But the orator of the morning was Mrs. Kendal in her brightest vein, and with a running commentary in audible asides on the information given in the various speeches. Although Mrs. Kendal confessed that she never sat up all night with a wet towel round her head preparing her speech, but spoke on the spur of the moment, she appealed forcibly enough for gifts of cast-off clothing for the Guild, pointing out that those both on and off the stage who overdressed might cast off some of their things for others, and instancing the case of ladies wearing toques with jewelled lace, sable-tails, flowers, &c. who might well rob their hats of some of these various items in order to help their struggling sisters. "With fifty-one

orphans, seventy-three maternity cases, and four hundred and sixty-nine dear little babies who have been provided with short-clothing sets," Mrs. Kendal remarked, "England could not be reproached on account of its decreasing population, a matter which troubled other countries, according to their Press. No," concluded Mrs. Kendal, amid peals of laughter, "I find that England still rises to the occasion and the theatrical profession waves the flag."

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Carson, the Hon. Treasurer, Secretary, and founder of the Guild, and speeches were made by Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Vane Featherston, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh—who, pleading on behalf of the Christmas Dinner Fund, said,

"Pass the plate for the pudding's sake,
And pay, pay, pay!"—

Miss Carlotta Addison, Mrs. Murray Carson, Miss May Whitty, Mrs. Frederick Wright, &c.; whilst those present included Miss Lily Hanbury, looking very handsome in a big black hat, the trio of Beringer Sisters, Miss Katie James, and others.

THE GARRICK CHRISTMAS SHOW.

Though there is to be but one West-End pantomime, plenty of Christmas entertainments are to be provided for the children. The first in date is at the Garrick, where "The Man who Stole the Castle" and "Shock-headed Peter" have been revived for afternoon performances. Whether the precocious young ones of nowadays won't want to be taken to see the naughty "Iris," who will continue to present herself in the evening at the theatre, seems to me rather a doubtful question. They can, however, hardly complain of the matinée at the Garrick Theatre, for the work of Mr. Tom Gallon and Mr. Leon is really charming and capitally played by Miss Beatrice Terry and little Miss Moyna Hill, as well as by the grown-up folk. "Shock-headed Peter," too, as adapted by Mr. Philip Carr and Mr. Nigel Playfair, must appeal irresistibly to the young ones, unless "Struwwelpeter" has gone out of fashion, which I hardly fancy is the case. Indeed, even the grown-ups will find pleasure in "The Man who Stole the Castle," as well as food for laughter in the clever performance of Miss Nina Boucicault and the other people who present in the flesh the wonderful German creatures of the old story-book. The pieces are capitally put on, and the favour of the reception suggests that the Garrick will do capital business in the holiday-time.

To meet the requirements of the holiday-makers at Christmas, Mr. Frank Curzon announces special matinées of "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Strand Theatre on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 26, 27, and 28.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT, WHO PRESIDED OVER THE LADIES' DINNER OF THE "O.P." CLUB ON SUNDAY LAST.

An "At Home" Portrait by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

HER MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
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THE LAST OF THE DANDIES, by Clyde Fitch.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

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Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. Leigh.
EVERY EVENING, at Eight precisely.

BECKY SHARP.
BECKY SHARP.
BECKY SHARP.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST as BECKY

MATINEE Dec. 18 at 2 o'clock.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—There will be no Matinee of "Becky Sharp" on Dec. 21, or Evening Performances of "Becky Sharp" on Dec. 21, 23, 24, and 25. "Becky Sharp" will be resumed on Dec. 26 at eight o'clock precisely and Every Evening, with full cast, and Saturday Matinees at 2 o'clock.

Box Office 10 to 10. Doors open 7.45.

BECKY SHARP at 8.

GARRICK THEATRE.—Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Lessee and Manager.
Every Evening, at 8 precisely, IRIS, by A. W. PINERO.
Box Office (Mr. Hartley) open 10 to 10.

STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely,
A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

A Musical Play in Two Acts.
By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.
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BOXING DAY,
FRIDAY, Dec. 27, at 2.15.
SATURDAY, Dec. 28,

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Those who prefer Irish whisky to the Scotch variety should apply to Messrs. Power and Sons for some of their fine "Dublin Whisky," guaranteed pure and unmixed with any other spirit.

Messrs. Howard and Sons, Limited, the well-known cabinet and parquet-floor manufacturers, have just been appointed Upholsterers by Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

A case of interest to traders and the public generally has just been decided in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, in Dublin, and Messrs. James Hennessy and Co., of brandy fame, are to be congratulated on the result. They applied for an injunction to restrain a trader from selling brandy as their "Three Star" Brandy which was not their "Three Star" Brandy. Evidence was called for the plaintiffs to show that on March 9 brandy was sold to a customer who asked for Hennessy's "Three Star" Brandy which was not Hennessy's "Three Star" Brandy, but was brandy of a totally different kind. A number of witnesses were called for the defence to contradict this story, but the Vice-Chancellor, in giving judgment, said that he felt no doubt that the brandy had been sold as Hennessy's "Three Star" Brandy, and granted an injunction with costs.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS AT CHRISTMAS.—CHEAP 14-DAY EXCURSION.

From London Bridge and Victoria, Dec. 24, 10 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class), and Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, 8.50 p.m. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). Fares 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.

Full particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On TUESDAY, DEC. 24, the 3 p.m. from PADDINGTON to PLYMOUTH will be extended to Truro; the 6 p.m. from PADDINGTON to PLYMOUTH will be extended to Falmouth and PENZANCE, and the 12 midnight from PADDINGTON will convey passengers to Kingswear, Kingsbridge, Wadebridge, Fowey, and Newquay Branches.

SPECIAL TRAINS will leave PADDINGTON as under—

TUESDAY, DEC. 24.—10 p.m. for SOUTH WALES, calling at the same stations as the 9.15 p.m. train.

10 night, for Reading, Swindon, Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, Cheltenham, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—5.30 a.m., for Reading, Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Cardiff, Swansea, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Trowbridge, Frome, YEOVIL, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c.

5.35 a.m., for OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

For full particulars of SPECIAL and EXCURSION trains, see Pamphlets.

Several through Expresses from and to London will not run on the Bank Holiday, and certain local trains will be discontinued during the Holidays.

Tickets and Pamphlets obtainable at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On Dec. 19, 20, 21, 23, and 24, Additional Trains will be run to meet the requirements of traffic.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, a Special Express at Ordinary Fares will leave London (King's Cross) at 12.20 midnight, Finsbury Park 12.25, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Holme, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Lister Dyke, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception that an additional Express will leave London (King's Cross) at 5.15 a.m. for Stamford, Bourne, Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it usually calls on Week-days, and connecting at York with trains for Thirsk, Northallerton, Darlington, Leamside, Durham, Gateshead, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnmouth, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, ETC.).

On Tuesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, for 3, 7, or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON, RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE ALNWICK, BERWICK, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other stations in Scotland.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, for 3, 5, or 9 days, to PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH-EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.

For Fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1901.

ADDITIONAL ORDINARY TRAINS.

On Saturday and Tuesday, Dec. 21 and 24, Relief Trains will be run from St. Pancras as circumstances may require.

DEC. 26 and JAN. 1.

On these dates certain Booked Trains will be WITHDRAWN, as announced by Special Bills at the Stations.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS

From ST. PANCRAS, CITY STATIONS, WOOLWICH, and GREENWICH.

TO THE NORTH AND SCOTLAND.

On TUESDAYS, DEC. 24 and 31, for 3 or 7 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 9.55 p.m., Kentish Town 10, and Victoria (S. E. and C.) at 8.3 p.m., and to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 8.44, and Victoria (S. E. and C.) 7.2 p.m. Passengers will also be booked from Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, and Farringdon Street by any Midland or Metropolitan train to King's Cross or Kentish Town to join these trains at St. Pancras or Kentish Town.

RETURN TICKETS at about a THIRD-CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the trains to the places mentioned, available for return on any day within 16 days from and including date of issue.

TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, &c.

On TUESDAY, DEC. 24, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Scarborough, Newcastle, Barrow-in-Furness, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 26, 28, 1901, or Jan. 1, 1902.

On TUESDAY (midnight), DEC. 24, to LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, STOCKPORT, WARRINGTON, LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, &c., returning on Dec. 26, 28, 1901, or Jan. 1, 1902.

TO IRELAND.

(From ST. PANCRAS and CITY STATIONS.)

There will also be Cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, via Liverpool or via Morecambe, on Dec. 23; to BELFAST, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., via Barrow or via Liverpool, on Dec. 23; and to Londonderry, via Liverpool or via Morecambe, on Dec. 21. See Bills for times of return.

TO SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day-excursion Tickets on Sundays and Christmas Day; and Week-end Excursion-tickets on Fridays and Saturdays will be issued to Southeast-on-Sea, as announced by Special Bills.

WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice.—CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS to BEDFORD, OLNEY, WELLSBOROUGH, and KETTERING, available for Half, Two, or Three Days, will be issued from ST. PANCRAS, Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, Farringdon Street, King's Cross (Met.), and Kentish Town, as per Bills.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS.

Cheap Week-end Tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 20 and 27, and Saturdays, Dec. 21 and 28, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and HEALTH RESORTS, available for returning on the following Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, or Tuesday after date of issue. WINTER TOURIST TICKETS are also issued to numerous places in England and Wales.

TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, AND BILLS

may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branch offices.

EXCURSIONS FROM THE PROVINCES.

EXCURSION TRAINS will be run from Leicester, NOTTINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM, Derby, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and other principal towns to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. NUMEROUS OTHER CHEAP EXCURSIONS have been arranged from the chief Midland Stations, particulars of which may be had on application.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THIRD-CLASS CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLEIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA) will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on TUESDAY, DEC. 24, available for the Return Journey up to and including Friday, Dec. 27.

CHRISTMAS AT PARIS, BRUSSELS, or on the RIVIERA.

Special Cheap Tickets will be issued from certain London Stations to the above places. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

TUESDAY, DEC. 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.20 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12 midnight and HOLBORN 11.55 p.m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CHEAP PANTOMIME EXCURSIONS FROM PRINCIPAL STATIONS TO LONDON, returning about midnight. CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION). Frequent Special and Ordinary Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, LUDGATE HILL, and ST. PAUL'S to the CRYSTAL PALACE, and vice versa. CHEAP EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT, LEAVING CHARING CROSS at 6.50 and 9.24 a.m. Return Day Fare, 3s.

During the Holidays several Trains will be withdrawn or altered.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS will leave WATERLOO STATION for the SOUTH and WEST of ENGLAND, PARIS, and the CHANNEL ISLANDS. For Dates and Times see Programmes.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS will leave WATERLOO STATION as under—

At 9.50 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH and WEYMOUTH, on Dec. 23, 24, and 25; at 8.30 p.m. on Dec. 22 and 25.

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 21.

At 9.45 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and intermediate stations; also BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, Bideford, Okehampton, LAUNCESTON, Bude, Wadebridge, Budmin, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in North and South Devon and Cornwall.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 24.

At 12.10 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.
At 4.5 and 6.55 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS for BOURNEMOUTH.
At 3.25 p.m. for PORTSMOUTH and ISLE OF WIGHT.
At 5.40 p.m. for the SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and the WEST of ENGLAND Lines.
At 5.50 p.m. for Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, and other North Devon Stations.
At 8.5 p.m. for Chindlers Ford and Romsey.
At 10.5 p.m. to Basingstoke, Eastleigh, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, BOURNEMOUTH, Poole, Swanage, Dorchester, and WEYMOUTH.
At 10.35 p.m. for Salisbury, YEOVIL, EXETER, and intermediate Stations, including Seaton, Sidmouth and Budleigh Salterton Branches.
At 12.55 MIDNIGHT for Salisbury, EXETER, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, Okehampton, Launceston, BUDE, Wadebridge, BODMIN, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in North and South Devon and North Cornwall.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At 5.50 a.m. for Southampton, Bournemouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c.
At 5.50 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, Tavistock, PLYMOUTH, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, &c.
At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, Portsmouth Harbour (for Ryde), Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Christchurch, BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL, Lymington, Yarmouth, &c.

For further particulars of Additional Trains, facilities to Isle of Wight, return Special late Trains from North and South Devon, North Cornwall, Dorchester, &c., see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations, Offices, or from Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E. CHAS. J. OWEN, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1901.

ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS will be run, and SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS made in connection with the LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN PASSENGER TRAINS for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, full particulars of which can be obtained at the COMPANY'S STATIONS and TOWN OFFICES.

EXCURSIONS

FROM EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, AND OTHER LONDON STATIONS.

ON MONDAY, DEC. 23.—To DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Kilkee Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Avoca, Portlough, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 23.—To Abergele, Amlwch, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carnarvon, Carnforth, Chester, Cockerham, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Corwen, Criccieth, the English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Holyhead, Holywell, Lancaster, Llanberis, Llandudno, Llanfairfechan, Llanrwst, Lytham, Maryport, Morecambe, Penmaenmawr, Penrith, Portmadoc, Preston, Pwllheli, Rhyl, St. Anne's, St. Helen's, Southport, Whitehaven, Wigan, Workington, &c.; returning on Dec. 26 or 28, or on Jan. 1.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 24.—To Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Birmingham, Borth, Builth Wells, Coventry, Criccieth, Dolgelly, Dudley, Dudley Port, Ellesmere, Harlech, Kenilworth, Leamington, Llandudno, Newtown, Oswestry, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Shrewsbury, Towyn, Walsall, Warwick, Wadnesbury, Wellington, Welshpool, Wolverhampton, Wrexham, &c., returning on Dec. 23 or 28, or on Jan. 1.

To Aberystwyth, Carmarthen, Craven Arms, Hereford, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Merthyr, Swans a, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 28.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 24.—To Ashton, Crewe, Lichfield, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Manchester, Nuneaton, Oldham, Rugby, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Stoke-on-Trent, Tamworth, and Warrington, returning Dec. 26 or 28, or on Jan. 1.

On TUESDAY NIGHTS, DEC. 24 and 31.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Balloch, Ballater, Banff, Breechin, Buckie, Cullader, Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dufftown, Dumfries, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Fort William, Gourack, Grantown, Greenock, Huntly, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Loch Awe, Moffat, Monzie, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland, for 3, 7, and 16 days.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.
London, December 1901.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

His Majesty as Farmer.

King Edward for the first time as Sovereign was present on the opening day of the great Cattle Show which for a few brief hours makes the Agricultural Hall the Mecca of all British farmers good and true. An interesting group of noble farmers received His Majesty, including the venerable Duke of Richmond and Gordon, as President of the Smithfield Club this year, Lord Spencer, who is President-elect, and Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote. The King, who is a keenly practical farmer, having doubtless inherited this taste not only from his own father, but also from the kindly monarch who was affectionately dubbed by his subjects "Farmer George," made a tour of the Show, and had the pleasure of hearing that he himself had been a specially successful exhibitor, a Shorthorn steer bred at Sandringham having taken the £25 Cup for the best beast in the Show under two years. The Prince of Wales, who is a pig enthusiast, offered a £50 Challenge Cup for the best pen of his favourite animals, and this was secured by Mr. Alfred Brown, whose beautiful Hill Farm may well claim to be one of the glories of Southampton.

His Majesty warmly congratulated Miss Alice de Rothschild, who won a first-prize and who is perhaps the most practical lady farmer in the Kingdom, for when at Waddesdon few days go by without her making a more or less thorough inspection of all the live stock. The Rothschild family, as a whole, are great supporters of national agriculture. Lady Rothschild was also an exhibitor at the Show last week, and the French Rothschilds follow their English relatives' example in this matter; indeed, agriculturists go a long way to see the pretty model-farms at Ferrieres, Longchamps, and Pregny.

Squires and farmers and their wives were delighted by the visit of the King to the Show, and His Majesty enjoyed the three-quarters of an hour that he spent in the Hall. His visit was not at all perfunctory. He went round the Show with catalogue in hand, examining prize oxen, sheep, and pigs with the air of an agriculturist, and chatting with the winners and the members of the Council. It was a great occasion for the farmers to whom His Majesty addressed a word of congratulation, and for the cattlemen who stood like sentries beside the oxen. The Prince of Wales, who had a hurried inspection of the Show on his own account, afterwards accompanied the King.

A Venerable Duke. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who, as President of the Smithfield Club, escorted the King over the Show, is an interesting link with the past. He was Aide-de-Camp for ten years to the Duke of Wellington. The present generation has forgotten the part he played in the political world. It was by no means an insignificant part, for he was the Leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords from 1870 till Mr. Disraeli went up beside him as Earl of Beaconsfield. He served in office under three Prime Ministers and was the first Secretary for Scotland. It is more than forty years since he succeeded to the Dukedom of Richmond, to which that of Gordon was added in 1876, and, although now in his eighty-fourth year, he looks keen and well-preserved. Most people know him as the owner of Goodwood. The Duke's agricultural estates in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire are considered to be amongst the best-managed in Scotland.

Coronation Day, 1902.

At last the important news is out—Coronation Day has been fixed to be Thursday, June 26. Curiously enough, that same date was chosen to be Queen Victoria's Coronation Day, but it was discarded a comparatively short time before owing to the fact that someone about the Court suddenly remembered that it was the anniversary of the death of the "First Gentleman in Europe." Only one British monarch has been crowned on Christmas Day; that was William the Conqueror, in 1066. Sunday used to be quite a favourite Coronation Day, and was chosen by the masterful Henry VIII. for the crowning of himself and his unfortunate first Consort, Catherine of Aragon.

Thursday Coronations have been comparatively rare. Charles I. was crowned on a Thursday, the Feast of the Purification, 1626. George IV. also chose the same day in the week, and, curiously enough, the last double Coronation—that of William IV. and Queen Adelaide—also took place on a Thursday, as did that, seven years later, of Queen Victoria. It is pointed out that King Edward has selected the anniversary of Cromwell's installation for his own Coronation, for the great regicide was installed as Lord Protector in the Chair of Scotland, brought out of the Abbey into Westminster Hall on purpose, on Friday, June 26, 1657.



THE CHILDREN OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

The charm of childhood which is always so alluring to men and women is suggested in a very pretty manner by the portrait of the three children of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia which *The Sketch* presents herewith. The familiar phrase, "Blood tells," is undoubtedly apparent in their young faces, even though, as everyone knows, the peculiar charm just referred to—the wondering outlook of eager, inquiring eyes on life and an unknown but gradually unfolding world—may be seen in the children of those who are not the sons "of a hundred Earls." The eldest of the three little ones,

Anastasia, is between nine and ten, while Nadjesda, the second, is five, and the baby, Michael, is just turned three. The Grand Duke Michael is now a young man of forty, the third of the children of the Grand Duke Michael Nicholavitch, a brother of the grandfather of the Czar. He married Sophie, Countess of Merenberg, in 1891.

Mrs. Jane Leland-Stanford, widow of the late Mr. Stanford, the founder of a free Californian University in memory of his son Leland, aged eighteen, who died of malaria in Italy, has delivered by deed of grant and gift to the trustees an amount equivalent to five millions sterling. The late Mr. Stanford made his fortune in mining and in railroads, was at one time a Senator of the United States, President of the Central Pacific Railway, and Governor of California. When young Leland died, his parents decided to give to the children of California the fortune which would have been his had he lived. It at first included an estate of eighty thousand acres and eight million dollars. The University was built, and opened in 1891 with fifteen Professors and three hundred students. The object of the University is stated to be "to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life"; therefore the curriculum is practical and there are no entrance exams. or class-fees. Each Professor has full authority over his own department. The University buildings are at Palo Alto, about fifty miles from San Francisco.

Death of the King's Double.

The fatal accident to Sir Charles Legard near Ganton Hall a fortnight ago, when the Baronet's carriage was overturned in collision with a waggon and Sir Charles thrown out, has robbed Yorkshire of a good sportsman and a generous patron of agriculture and cattle-rearing. At one time he was a constant companion of the King as Prince of Wales, and the resemblance between the two was so striking that Sir Charles was frequently mistaken for the King. The bluff, breezy young Yorkshireman, the young Ensign of Infantry, the finest judge of horseflesh in the county, a crack shot, the owner of a good pack of harriers and a pack of otter-hounds, passed easily into Royal favour and maintained his position for many a long year. As a patron of the Turf, he trained in the same stable with Mr. Henry Chaplin and Captain Machell. He was the owner of *Vespasian*, *The Border Knight*, and *Indigestion*, all of which did excellent performances and carried off many prizes. This was in the 'seventies, and about this time also the Baronet won the Champion Pigeon-shooting Prize, thirty yards' rise, against seventy-four competitors, at the Gun Club. Then in 1874 and 1876 he was President of the "M.C.C.," and, more recently, he showed his interest in golf by becoming President of the Scarborough Golf Club. The links at Ganton have been made famous by their professional, Harry Vardon.

Sir Charles Legard's Parliamentary Life.

The deceased Baronet had sought the suffrages of the citizens of Norwich in 1870, but was rejected. He then went to Scarborough, and was elected top of the poll in the Conservative interest. One night he electrified the House of Commons by a speech which savoured of the days of Pitt and Fox and their immediate successors. It was listened to with rapt attention; it was read with the greatest interest. Then it was discovered that Sir Charles had hoaxed honourable members. The speech proved to be the *ipsissima verba* of a speech delivered by George Canning over half a century previously. He remained in Parliament until 1880. On seeking re-election, he found himself at the bottom of the poll of four candidates. During the progress of that election he delivered a remarkable prophecy which has been called "The Peroration of the To-morrow." Sir Charles was addressing his constituents the night before the poll, and indulged in the following flamboyant forecast: "Gentlemen, to-morrow you will hear the cry of victory reverberating from the Castle Hill to Oliver's Mount and back, radiating all



THE LATE SIR CHARLES LEGARD, BART.,
FORMERLY MEMBER FOR SCARBOROUGH.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

over the town." The prophecy proved false. Sir Harcourt Johnstone, afterwards Lord Derwent, was at the top, Mr. W. S. Caine second, Colonel Fife-Cookson third, and Sir Charles last.

The King and the Skaters.

King Edward has very kindly promised to be present when the World's Figure-skating Championship is competed for, towards the middle of February. Queen Alexandra is by far the most beautiful and the most graceful of Royal skaters, though Her Majesty has many accomplished rivals in this delightful art, and notably the young Queen of Holland, who may be said to have skated almost before she could walk, and the Crown Princess of Denmark. Should the winter prove as hard as is expected, the Royal skaters will have an enjoyable time on the beautiful lake which is the chief ornament of the grounds of Buckingham Palace—indeed, it is said that the lake has been dredged with a view to the skating-parties which may take place thereon by special wish of the King.

Windsor Memorial to Prince Christian Victor.

In addition to the "Cottage Homes" Memorial to the late Prince Christian Victor—surely one of the happiest ideas of the many initiated by Her Royal Highness Princess Christian—Windsor, the birth-place of the gallant young soldier, is to have a fitting memorial to him. For some little time past an influential Committee, with the Dean of Windsor as Chairman and the Headmaster of Eton as Vice-Chairman, has been quietly moving in the matter, with the result that already nearly a thousand pounds has been promised, and Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., has been commissioned to execute a statue to be placed in a canopied niche designed by Mr. A. Y. Nutt. A site near the foot of the Hundred Steps has been selected, and, seeing that the scheme has the warm approval of His Majesty and of their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, the two or three hundred pounds still necessary for its completion will, without doubt, soon be forthcoming. Prince Christian Victor was much loved in Windsor, so the Royal Borough is determined to "keep his memory green," though his grave is fittingly in far-off Pretoria, where he gave his life for the Empire as surely as did those who fell on the field of battle.

A Daughter of the House of Seymour.

Lady Victoria de Trafford, who was the heroine of one of the many serious driving accidents which have taken place during the last fortnight, but who was, fortunately, unhurt, is one of the younger daughters of Lord and Lady Hertford, and thus belongs to a family long highly considered at Court. Lady Victoria, who has just had the grief of losing her eldest sister, Lady Margaret Ismay, is keenly interested in sport, and has always been an excellent whip. She is a first-cousin of Major Count Gleichen, her aunt, once Lady Laura Seymour, having married, some thirty years ago, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Like her cousins, she is very fond of art in all its phases, and her pretty country home is full of beautiful things.



LADY VICTORIA DE TRAFFORD, DAUGHTER
OF THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

Photo by Langley, Old Bond Street, W.

Though, in the present state of affairs in South Africa, there is not much honour or glory to be gained, the 5th Battalion of the Royal Warwicks—Militia, be it remembered—has volunteered almost to a man for "the Front." Embodied at the men's own request, the regiment left the County Town for Aldershot a few days ago, and, as it had been expressly laid down that no Militiaman was to be sent out unless of his own free-will, when paraded at "the Camp" those who did not wish to go were asked to step out of the ranks. Only three of the seven hundred sturdy Warwicks answered to the invitation. The men of this smart battalion fully expected to spend Christmas at Aldershot; but an unexpected order came to hold themselves in readiness to embark almost at once, so the gallant 5th Battalion of the "Saucy Sixth" will eat their Christmas roast-beef and plum-duff—those who have any appetite for it—on board the transport bound for the far-off land where the legendary sunny fountains roll down their golden sand.

A Musical Beauty. Lady Leucha Warner, who has gone to enliven Cairo Society this winter with her bright and charming presence, is one of the musical enthusiasts of the great London world, and she has thrown the whole of her interest, which is considerable, on the side of making the Opera as fashionable as it should be among such a music-loving people as are the British. Lady Leucha is one of Lord de Montalt's seven daughters, the eldest being Lady Colchester. Her marriage to the popular Member of Parliament took place eighteen years ago, but she looks scarcely older than her children and is one of those eminently modern women who seem able to make the best of both worlds.

An addition to Thackeray literature is to be published next year, in the form of a volume on Thackeray's two lecture-tours in the United States. The author is General James Grant Wilson, and the articles will appear first in the *Century Magazine*.

The competition amongst American magazines is evidently keener than ever. The enterprising Mr. Munsey has discontinued his magazine, the *Puritan*, and has made the *Junior Munsey* a mid-monthly edition of *Munsey's Magazine*.

Mr. G. W. Cable has completed a new short novel of New England life, entitled "Bylow Hill."



LADY LEUCHA WARNER, A MUSICAL
ENTHUSIAST.

Photo by Langley, Old Bond Street, W.

A Niece of the King.

Princess Louis of Battenberg is one of the most agreeable of King Edward's many nieces; the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice, she is the only granddaughter of the late Sovereign who rejoices in the possession of only one Christian name, that of Victoria. Princess Louis has lived very much in England, for her husband is a distinguished and brilliant



PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, ONE OF THE KING'S NUMEROUS NIECES.

Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

British naval officer, he having been naturalised at a very early age, although he is the fortunate owner of one of the most delightful castles in Germany, Heiligenberg, where Princess Beatrice has often been the guest of her brother-in-law and of her niece. At the present time Princess Louis and her three children are living at Malta, for the Princess, who is a true sailor's wife, has never cared to make a settled home in any of the pretty minor Royal residences lent her by the late Queen. The Prince and Princess's two daughters and son have been brought up in the closest cousinship with the younger members of our Royal Family, their second daughter being a godchild and namesake of both Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Fife. Their only son is nine years old, but it is already decided that he is to follow in his father's footsteps, and he will probably be still on the *Britannia* when the Prince and Princess of Wales's two elder sons join the famous training-ship.

The Kaiser's Shooting Powers.

The German Emperor, it is stated in the Press, shot no less than eight hundred and sixty-eight birds in one day (writes my Berlin Correspondent). The occasion was His Majesty's visit to Count Henckel von Donnersmark in Silesia. The total tale of feathered victims to the guns of the shooting-party was four thousand and sixty-five. Amongst the guests who were specially invited was Count Waldersee, who has recovered from his severe illness. The evening on which the Kaiser arrived at Radzionkau, the village where Count von Donnersmark's country seat is situated, the inhabitants all turned out in full force and accompanied His Majesty with great enthusiasm from the station to the tune of the church-bells and the light of hundreds of torches.

The German Crown Prince.

I am sorry not to be able to report that the Crown Prince has quite recovered yet from his cold (adds my Berlin representative). Apparently the catarrh was severer than at first believed, and finally developed into a species of jaundice. It is hoped that, with complete rest and quiet, His Royal Highness will return to his normal state of health. He is doing his best to obey the doctor's injunctions, having refused many invitations of late to all kinds of social functions and sport reunions.

Christmas in Potsdam Castle.

In accordance with a time-honoured custom, the First Regiment of Foot Guards will present to the Kaiser and the Imperial Princes a "Pfefferkuchen" each. The "Pfefferkuchen" is a kind of gingerbread cake, but cannot be rightly translated by the word "gingerbread," as it is of the same shape as an ordinary five-o'clock-tea cake. The cake given to

the Kaiser is always about six inches high, twenty inches broad, and eight inches in length. The Princes have to content themselves with cakes of more modest size. All the cakes are of a brown colour and covered with powdered sugar, whilst the inscription "Leibcompagnie 1 Garde Regiment zu Fuss, Weihnachten, 1901," is daintily written on the top, underneath the regimental star. The place where these historic cakes are made is Thorn, which enjoys a reputation of the same kind as the English bun-centre, Banbury. The Imperial Family always remain very true to all the old-fashioned Christmas traditions. They eat carp boiled in beer and sing Christmas carols after dinner on Christmas Eve; they give each other presents, rejoice in lovely Christmas-trees, and decorate the whole Castle with fir and evergreens.

Also the old superstition of keeping the Christmas-trees till Jan. 6, when they are solemnly burnt, is strictly adhered to. Were the trees to be burnt earlier than Twelfth Night, the evil spirits would undoubtedly exercise their wicked influence in the Castle. The Emperor on Christmas Day walks through the town of Potsdam and distributes money himself to the poor and needy. Besides the Christmas-trees for the Emperor and the children, special trees are arranged by the Royal Family for all the servants in the so-called "Shell Hall," the marble walls, all set with precious stones, shedding wonderful, dazzling light on all sides. The Empress, who always makes a point of buying her Christmas presents in person, has been very busy shopping in Berlin for the last fortnight.

A Charming Group.

One of the prettiest of the many charming groups of lovely mothers and children lately taken by Miss Alice Hughes is certainly that of the beautiful Anglo-German Princess Henry of Pless and her fine little boy—heir, I may mention *en parenthèse*, to the largest and most splendid non-royal estates in the broad Empire of Germany. Princess Henry of Pless is now back in her German home, after a very delightful visit to her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West, and to Eaton Hall, where her younger sister, the Duchess of Westminster, gave several house-parties in her honour. The Prince and Princess are welcome visitors at two Courts—that of St. James's and that which has its headquarters in the New Palace at Potsdam. The German Emperor has never lost an opportunity of showering special favours on the lovely Princess who, born a British subject, elected to become German by marriage. As for



PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS AND HER SON-AND-HEIR.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Her Serene Highness's son-and-heir, he has a King and an Emperor for godfathers, and may certainly be congratulated on having been born with the proverbial gold spoon in his mouth.

Queensland's New Governor.

After having had a succession of Earls and Lords for their Governors, the Australian Colonies now seem to be inclined to give military men a turn. Thus, the recent appointment of Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke to the Governorship of Victoria has just been followed by the announcement that Lord Lamington's successor in Queensland is also

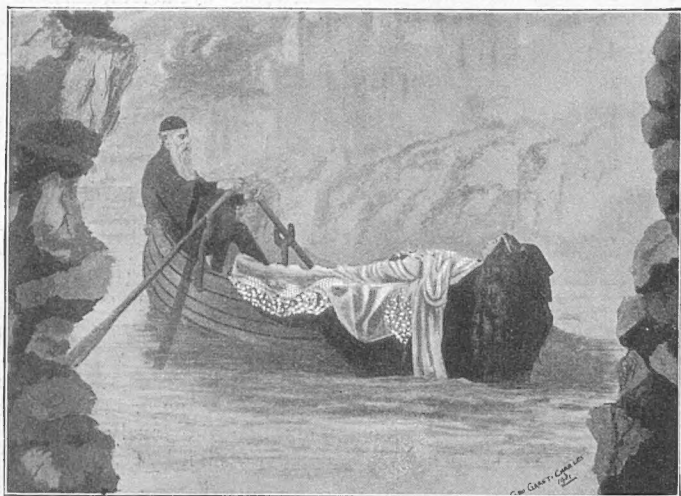
to be an Army officer. This is Major-General Sir Herbert Chermide, of the Royal Engineers. His connection with the "Scientific Corps" dates from 1870, when he passed into it from Woolwich with the rank of lieutenant. Since those days Sir Herbert has travelled a great deal in the East, filling various official posts in Turkey and Egypt. Among these, for example, have been those of Vice-Consul at Anatolia, Military Attaché at Constantinople, and Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral. During the disturbances in Crete, three years ago, he commanded the British troops in the island. The efficient manner in which he carried out this responsible duty brought him a well-merited "G.C.M.G." Sir Herbert has also had some experience of the present South African Campaign, for when General Gatacre returned to England he was selected to take command of the Third Division.

The Cheveley Park Tableaux Vivants. Colonel and Mrs. McCalmont are to be heartily congratulated on the brilliant success of their theatrical house-party. Among their guests were some of the best-known amateurs in Society, and during three evenings there were sounds of revelry by night in the beautiful Oak Hall

were represented. In this performance, Miss Barbara Fanning, the young daughter of the hostess, acquitted herself admirably, while Miss Viola Tree acted with some of her father's spirit and dash the part of a cavalier. Among the other young performers were the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawson, little Miss de Bathe, and little Miss Delarue. After the performance, an informal dance, in which both elders and children joined, wound up the evening very successfully.

An Interesting Rumour.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is, according to rumour, on the point of making a most interesting experiment. It is said that this very clever lady is going to engage in a notable theatrical venture of her own, and one which will be watched by none with more sympathetic interest than by Mr. Tree, who owes so much to the intelligence and practical knowledge of stage affairs always shown by his gifted wife. Mrs. Tree is going to take a London theatre in order to produce Mr. Frank Harris's adaptation of "L'Enigme," the most successful play Paris has enjoyed seeing for a quarter of a century. There are only six characters in "L'Enigme," and a great chance is given to two actresses, of whom, of course,



Captain Shaw Taylor. Miss Viola Tree.

"THE PASSING OF ELAINE."



Miss Phyllis Boyd. Mr. Hugo de Bathe.

"PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT."



Mrs. McCalmont.

"OBERON IN THE GARDEN."



Captain Sellar. Captain Shaw Taylor. Mrs. McCalmont.

"THE GAMBLER'S WIFE."

COLONEL MCCALMONT'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT CHEVELEY PARK.

From Photographs by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

that is a great feature of Cheveley, which was, it will be remembered, once the property of the Duke of Rutland, from whom Colonel McCalmont purchased the estate. Mrs. McCalmont, who is as good an actress as she is a hostess—and that is saying not a little—never looked to more advantage than when taking part in a reconstitution of the famous picture, "The Gambler's Wife." Grouped with her in the same tableau were Captain Sellar and Captain Shaw Taylor. Yet another most effective tableau was "Prince Arthur and Hubert," in which the unfortunate little Prince was played by Miss Phyllis Boyd and Hubert by Mr. Hugo de Bathe; and one of the great successes was "The Passing of Elaine," in which Elaine was represented by Miss Viola Tree. Mrs. McCalmont proved her versatility by appearing as "Oberon in the Garden," a charming scene taken from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The Young People's Turn.

On the same stage on which their elders had disported themselves to such excellent advantage, Mrs. McCalmont's child-guests had a chance of showing their cleverness by acting a little play founded on an incident in which Louis of France, Anne of Austria, and Cardinal Richelieu

Mrs. Tree will be one, while it is not yet decided who will be the other. Mrs. Tree is an indefatigable worker. This last week she opened the Annual Exhibition of the Stage Needlework Guild at Stafford House, making a charming little speech, in which she referred with tact and sympathy to the less fortunate members of the profession who owe so much to the Guild and its kind helpers.

Cheap Shooting.

Some landowners, says a sporting correspondent, manage to get a few good days at this season of the year without expense. A couple of years ago, a friend who has a couple of thousand acres of unpreserved land asked me down to shoot pheasants. I was rather surprised by the invitation, but equally pleased, and our party of four guns got about a hundred and fifty head of game the first day, and a hundred and twenty on the second, one-third being pheasants. There were some big preserves lying to the north and to the south-west of my friend's place, and he told me that when there were any big days of covert-shooting on his neighbours' lands the birds that the guns could not stop came to him. "I've had over two hundred pheasants this year," he told me, and went on to say that, as he was most careful to avoid putting down any food that would tempt his neighbours'

birds, he felt perfectly justified in taking advantage of their friends' inability to hit everything, and he did so without giving offence to either neighbour. His woods held a few wild birds every year, but they did not account for the bulk of the shooting. It doesn't sound quite sportsmanlike, but I believe there is nothing in the procedure of my friend that can cause offence to anybody. Of course, some men whose land is near preserves deliberately bait it for their neighbours' birds; such an act is little better than pocket-picking.



MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE, WHO IS EDITING THE "SUN" THIS WEEK.

Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the octogenarian Co-operator, has left his pleasant retreat at Brighton to edit for "one week only" a London half-penny evening newspaper. The public will watch with interest whether he succeeds better than Dr. Parker, who attempted the difficult task a year or so since. It is remarkable to find that, notwithstanding the stress and storm of the early Reform days, when Mr. Holyoake was considered an agitator, he should preserve so much vigour and

vitality. In his old age, political strife has given place to well-directed efforts for securing a greater measure of co-operation amongst the working-classes, and upon this and kindred subjects he may be considered one of the greatest authorities. His "History of Co-operation" is to-day the standard book of reference. Mr. Holyoake, who is now eighty-three years of age, has been connected with democratic movements for at least sixty years.

The Boer Prisoners at Beaufort West.

A great deal of interest was created in Beaufort West and the neighbourhood by the scene represented in the accompanying picture. It illustrates the episode in which the Boer prisoners, Müller and Gideon Else, played so prominent a part a few weeks ago. Müller, it will be remembered, was convicted of high treason and attempted murder, while his companion was found guilty of the second crime, and both were sentenced to death.

Before the sentence was carried out, however, it was commuted in Müller's case to penal servitude for life and in Else's to ten years' imprisonment. The prisoners were placed at the foot of the flag-staff in the Square of the town and were surrounded by the Town Guard, supplemented by the West Riding Regiment, while the sentences were read by the Commandant, Captain Boyle.



TRIAL OF THE BOER PRISONERS, MÜLLER AND GIDEON ELSE, AT BEAUFORT WEST: SENTENCES BEING READ BY THE COMMANDANT, CAPTAIN BOYLE.

The Daughter of (the Amateur) Thespis.

Mrs. Cecil Powney is one of the cleverest as well as one of the prettiest young Society matrons. She is an excellent amateur actress, and excelled in this fascinating art before amateur theatricals were the craze they are now. Mr. and Mrs. Powney are equally fortunate in their town and in their country homes. The former is close to the Green Park, off the most delightful end of Piccadilly. Fyfield House, near Andover, is an ideal country mansion, situated in beautiful country, and there Mrs. Powney has often entertained the bright particular stars of the amateur theatrical world.

An exceptionally fine model of a "C.I.V." in sterling silver has just been presented to Lady Newton in recognition of the services of her husband, Sir Alfred Newton, during the formation of the regiment in his term of office as Lord Mayor. The presentation was made by General Mackinnon, on behalf of the officers of the regiment, supported by the chief members of his Staff. The model was designed and manufactured by Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Now that Mr. Martin Harvey has arranged to take the Avenue for the London production in February of the Eugene Aram play, "After All," written for him by those two reverend playwrights, Mr. Freeman Wills and Mr. Frederick Langbridge, Mr. Frederic A. Stanley will, of course, have to look elsewhere for a place whereat to produce the new play called "Coralie." As, however, Mr. Sleath, who is Mr. Stanley's "principal," not only owns the Avenue, but is rather extensively concerned in certain other theatres, Mr. Stanley, one of the most refined and courteous of business-managers, will doubtless soon find some theatrical foothold.

In the meantime, Mr. Stanley is pushing along splendidly with the rehearsals for his Christmastide revival of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at Wyndham's Theatre. For this he has secured a fine Company, including that clever boy-actor, little Vyvyan Thomas, in the name-part, Mr. Will Dennis as the Earl of Dorincourt, Mr. George Canninge as Havisham, Mr. Ernest Hendrie as Higgins, Miss Kate Phillips as Mary, Miss Alice Esden as Minna, Mr. Arthur Williams as Hobbs, and that fine pathetic actress, Miss Marion Terry, as "Dearest."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, carrying among her cargo several strong plays, new and old, and (as lady Sketch readers will rejoice to hear) a huge number of the loveliest frocks ever seen, will in the course of a day or two embark for the United States. Mrs. Campbell has named Mr. E. F. "Dodo" Benson's play "Aunt Jeanie." She starts acting at Chicago, and is touring independently of the gigantic American Theatrical "Trust" which has caused such consternation among certain Companies "on the road" there by its boycotting habits. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the great American actress, recently delivered a most denunciatory lecture concerning the habits and customs of this "Trust." Her remarks have been reprinted broadcast in the States and have been vastly appreciated by all non-"Trust"-ful folk.

Directly they have got their New Year's Day festivities out of the way—the next night, in point of fact—Messrs. Harrison and Maude will produce Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, "Frocks and Frills," at the Haymarket. Their choice of Miss Grace Lane in place of Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), who has been ordered three months' rest, is wise.

We are also to see anon the new play, entitled "Lady Margaret," which Mr. Edward Rose has adapted from the same French source as that selected by Mr. Grundy. Mr. Rose (whose play is first to be seen in America) has been rather unfortunate in his "coincidences" of late. Not long ago, he found that his "Alfred the Great" play, and even its title, had unwittingly been anticipated by Mr. Wilson Barrett.



SILVER MODEL PRESENTED TO LADY NEWTON.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Latest Portrait.

When Madame Réjane, in "Ma Cousine," played the best part of an Act sitting on a sofa, most playgoers, irritated with the inconsequent way in which English actors run about the stage—to "break up the picture," as they call it—when in real life the people they represent would be quite quiet, raved with delight and hoped that



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN "BEYOND HUMAN POWER."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

the innovation would "catch on." Alas, they hoped and have gone on hoping in vain! It was reserved for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, however, to go one better than her French comrade in Art when she produced "Beyond Human Power," for she was discovered in bed, as represented in the photograph, and in bed she remained until the fall of the curtain on the Act. For the few performances she gave at the Royalty there were large audiences, but, beautiful as Mrs. Campbell undoubtedly looked as a chronic invalid, it is doubtful whether even she could secure any permanent consideration for a play which a non-enthusiastic playgoer, after sitting it out, said he was sure had had its title incorrectly translated, for he believed that the play ought to have been called "Beyond Human Endurance." The best New Year's wish Mrs. Campbell can receive will be for her conspicuous success with the American public—a wish in which the readers of *The Sketch* will, no doubt, heartily and unanimously join.

The Retiring Commissioner of the City Police.

After eleven years as Commissioner of Police in the City of London, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B., retires at the age of sixty-six, and will take with him in his retirement the good wishes not only of the men who worked under him, but of all those who were brought into contact with him. His term of service by no means includes the whole of his connection with the City Police, for in 1885 he was appointed Chief Superintendent and held that post until his promotion. The official recognition of his services came with Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, for which it, of course, fell to his lot to make the police arrangements for the streets of the City. Like the sons of so many clergymen, he began life in the Army, two facts in which, curiously enough, he resembles Sir Edward Bradford, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, who is one year his junior and who was appointed to his present post in the same year as that in which Sir Henry was made Commissioner of the City Police. If he has a greater hobby than his work, it is the breeding of dogs, on certain varieties of which he is an authority.

The Empire Hotel, which was opened a week or two ago, is the largest and has undoubtedly the best position of any hotel in Bath. It adjoins the Orange Grove and looks over the Gardens, which are



LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR HENRY SMITH, COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY POLICE, WHO IS RETIRING AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SIX.

accessible to visitors of the hotel. There are lovely views from almost every room of the Avon, the Abbey, and the surrounding country. The Abbey, Roman Baths and Antiquities, the Corporation Hot Mineral Baths and Pump-Room (the most complete in Europe), the Royal Institution Library and Museum, are close to the hotel, while the view obtained of Prior Park, Bathwick, Widcombe, Hampton, and Combe Downs, and the North Parade (where some of the scenes in "The Rivals" take place) are unsurpassed. The hotel can accommodate over two hundred people and is most beautifully appointed in every respect. There is a splendid inner and outer lounge, carefully protected from draughts and overlooking the River Avon and the Abbey. In addition, there are numerous public rooms containing every comfort of modern life. There is a passenger-lift to all floors, and constructed so that invalids may be carried into it in their chairs and taken right into the baths. There is electric-light in every room, the diet prescribed for invalids has been specially studied, the hotel is heated and ventilated on modern scientific principles, and the sanitation is of the most perfect and modern description.

Madame Nordica is coming to England this summer, and I hope to see her at the Opera. The last time I did so, she played the heroine of "Tristan and Isolde" admirably, acting as finely as she sang.



THE EMPIRE HOTEL, BATH.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Yvette in Sombre Mood.

It will be heard with regret (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) that Yvette Guilbert has no intention to brighten the Christmas season with merry quips and cranks and caustic comments in her forthcoming book. Everyone had looked forward to a book that would make the ears of theatrical managers, actors, and actresses tingle half the world over. But Yvette says no, and, if you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them. Yvette will tell a terrible story of the weary and disappointing life of two music-hall artistes who marry and who love one another—their gradual but steady fall in popularity till they are glad to earn a few sous by singing in public-houses. The tragedy is the death of their little child, left to rest on the billiard-table while the parents were singing in the bar. I have reason to believe that Yvette's novel will be comprehensible only to anyone with a very liberal knowledge of argot.

The award of two of the Nobel prizes to Sully-Prudhomme and Frédéric Passy was known to the Press before it was to the happy old gentlemen, and then their troubles began. Poor Prudhomme, whose health has been indifferent for years, was immediately besieged, and everyone wanted to know what he intended to do with the windfall, as if he had no interest in it himself. He scrambled out of the difficulty by saying that he felt inclined to encourage young poets. Happy rhymesters, unhappy editors! Passy was more practical. He locked and barred his door and put out a bulletin that he was too contented to speak and must contemplate in silence. It is curious that the two laureates, of all the literary world in Paris who espoused the cause of Dreyfus, have not found it a *porte malheur*.

The automobile promises to turn the Bois de Boulogne next summer into a gay and palpitating ballet on wheels. I was down at the Grand Palais for the opening of the Automobile Show by the President of the Republic, and, gazing down from the balconies, the vast hall had the appearance of a marvellous pantomime effect. The motors were painted in every exquisite colour and tint, the copper was polished to the reflection of gold, and the snowy aluminium gave a refreshing relief. I attempt no technical description, which would run into columns. President Loubet found himself in a curious position, which turned poor Lepine's hair grey before your eyes. All police escort had been forgotten, and M. Loubet found himself in the thick of the crowd. This did not worry him in the least, and he wandered about like the simple-hearted gentleman that he is, and he showed his impatience when Lepine, with the figure of McKinley before his eyes, encircled him with an army of police. I was sorry to see that English manufacturers were still content to mark time. The Germans had their designers everywhere, and there were frequent protests at the use they made of detective cameras.

At the Play.

Seven new plays were put on in one week, which shows that managers have been making mistakes all along the line, for they all rely upon getting their house in order at least a fortnight before Christmas. Poor Porel failed again at the Vaudeville with "Sainte Galette," which touches the bed-rock in his ill-luck, for he had selected a successor before the fall of the curtain. The delicious acting of Mdle. Cassive was in itself enough to secure one more success for the Nouveautés with "Nelly Rozier," by Hennequin and Builhaud. It is a delightful little story, with nothing unpleasant or suggestive. Nelly sees her admirer, a frivolous married man, on the point of leaving her. Eh bien! woman's wit still exists. She quietly

enters the service of his wife as *femme de chambre*, and then the fun begins. When the horrified husband sees her under his roof, she gaily says, "This is the sentence I pass on you—fidelity for life to your wife!" The wife, by the way, is the most delightful of little ladies, but ignorant of what attracts the husband addicted to a roving life. That Nelly teaches her, and the curtain goes down on a very pretty ending. The foredoomed "Pompadour" off at the Porte-St-Martin, Madame Jane Hading was asked to again create the rôle of the heroine in Ohnet's famous "Maitre des Forges," that she appeared in nineteen years ago. How do they do it? Madame Hading looked as young and beautiful as ever, and oh, how she made the audience cry! Every man suffered from an imaginary cold and every lady from a nervous cough. Hading was splendid. The *revue* at the Variétés, attended with so painful an accident in its final rehearsals, is a feast for the eyes, and no adjectives in ordinary dictionaries can describe the beauty of the ladies and the magnificence of their costumes.



"IN WHICH CAGE OF RUSHES, I AM SURE, YOU ARE NOT A PRISONER."—SHAKSPERE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

down if they would concede to him the right to continue to put the name of Rops to his own drawings of the same school. The question is whether a dealer is guilty of fraud in selling these as originals, and what proof there is that he has not acted in good faith. It is notorious that in France the most popular journals simply purchase the right of a famous author to use his name for a story, and then farm it out to a hack-writer.

Significant.

Notwithstanding that Sir Edmund Monson was present, the Annual Dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce was practically ignored by the French Press. Sir Edmund, who remembers the famous outcry over the "pin-prick policy," was nervous and at times hardly audible. I am told that Sir Edmund has received distinct instructions from the Foreign Office to ignore the crude humour in journals and songs directed at England.

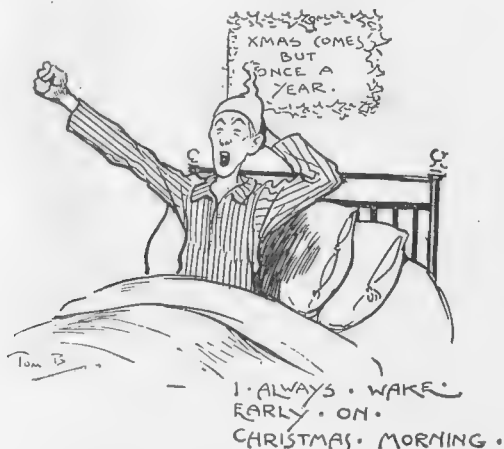


THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS—AND A SEASONABLE HINT.

KNOWING, my dear Dollie, how difficult it must be for a young lady of your age and experience to decide on a suitable gift for an eccentric old fogey such as myself, I propose to help you out of the difficulty with a few practical hints. It is just possible, of course, that you have decided not to give me anything at all. In that case, I am glad to reflect that, after you have received this letter, there will still be a week left in which you can buy, pack, and despatch your present.

First of all, then, let me tell you of a few things that I do not want. I have no use at all for purses, calendars, pencil-cases, stationery, or memorandum-slates. My pipes I prefer to select for myself; the same remark applies to cigars and cigarettes. Don't, I implore you, present me with a new Prayer-Book; I have been at great pains to correct the references to the Royal Family in my old one, and I should not like to have had all my trouble for nothing. Neckties, I ought to tell you, have no attractions for me. I always wear the same kind of tie—a wretched little black thing—and my outfitter has orders to supply me with a new one of the same shape, price, and pattern once every three months until the finish.

My habit in the matter of neckties holds good, also, of my slippers, gloves, and—pardon me—braces. I can use handkerchiefs of only one kind, and these are made to measure for me. You would not, I imagine,



be rash enough to buy me a hat, or a suit, or an overcoat, or a pair of boots, and so we will leave these out of the question. I never carry a walking-stick, and my umbrella, although in an excellent state of repair, is so distinct in the style of its handle that no one could

possibly mistake it for his own and go undetected. So much for the negative side of the question.

Turning now to the things that I really should like, I find myself somewhat handicapped, Dollie dear, by the shallowness of your purse. For example, nothing would please me better than to wake up on Christmas morning—I always wake very early on Christmas morning, so that I may make the dear day as long as possible—and find a real motor-car in my sock, all fitted with motors and batteries and wires and ready to palpitate away at a moment's notice. But then I reflect that the amount you are prepared to expend upon your old friend is probably about half-a-crown, and so put the idea of a motor-car out of my head.

Now, let me see. What can one buy with half-a-crown that shall be useful, ornamental, and easily packed for the post? A flask would seem to be the thing, but I'm afraid you can't get a flask for half-a-crown. At least, you might get one, but it would sure to leak, and before I had been started half-an-hour upon my journey I should be reeking of whisky-and-water, and the other people in the carriage would wag their heads and say, "What a pity! And such a pleasant-looking old man, too!"

Razors are open to the same objection. There's no saving about a cheap razor, for it can never be relied upon to shave and yet is always sharp enough to make a nasty gash in one's face. I remember that an aunt of mine once gave me a razor for a Christmas present. It was called "The Soldier's Friend," and I believe she picked it up for ninepence in a country post-office. Anyhow, that razor was no friend to me. When I went, on one occasion, to stay with the dear lady, I took the razor

with me and tried to shave with it. The consequence was that I laid the side of my cheek open, ruined two towels and a toilet-cover, and was half-an-hour late for dinner. Instead of expressing regret for having caused me to wound myself in such a dreadful manner, my aunt was much incensed about the towels and the toilet-cover, and cut me out of her will.

Leaving razors out of the question, then, what do you say to a pair of electro-plated nut-crackers? I believe they can be obtained from one shilling upwards, and, although I never eat nuts, yet it always looks well to have a pair of nut-crackers lying casually on the sideboard. If you put them in a dark corner, you can almost persuade yourself that the electro-plate looks like silver.

However, don't let's be in too great a hurry. We haven't as yet given due consideration to the subject of napkin-rings. It is true

that I take all my meals either at the Club or a restaurant; but, still, there's a little touch of home about a napkin-ring that would perhaps appeal to me in the small hours of the morning. I should hang it up in front of the pier-glass by a piece of string, and, whenever I looked at it, I should be reminded of cold beef and rice-pudding and sly kicks under the table. There's a good deal to be said, Dollie dear, in favour of a napkin-ring.

Coming now to parlour-games, I don't play Ping-Pong, Patchesi, Halma, draughts, chess, dominoes, cards, or billiards. My favourite indoor sports are "Musical Chairs" and "Hunt the Slipper." I'm afraid, however, that neither of these games can be bought in a box. One can purchase a lot of marbles, I believe, for half-a-crown, but that gentle pastime makes my back ache dreadfully and I never was really keen on it.

I used to be rather good, once upon a time, at whipping a top, and I might even now find a sufficiently clear space in the Club to keep it up. It would be extremely awkward, however, if I happened, by accident, to whip a testy member's legs.

And this, dear Dollie, brings me to the end of the Stores' Catalogue, the only articles that I have not touched upon being Gas-fittings and Perambulators. Perhaps, after all, I should do better if I left the choice entirely in your hands. If everything else fails, you can always send me something that I shall value far more than razors, or nut-crackers, or whipping-tops. I mean, of course, one of your own dear, delightful letters, full of smiles, and cheery messages, and Christmas wishes. And if, by any chance, you remember to enclose a kiss, you may be quite sure that I shall like it far better than anything you could buy for half-a-crown or a thousand half-crowns. I really think I should prize it more than a real, live, palpitating motor-car.



IT WOULD BE AWKWARD.

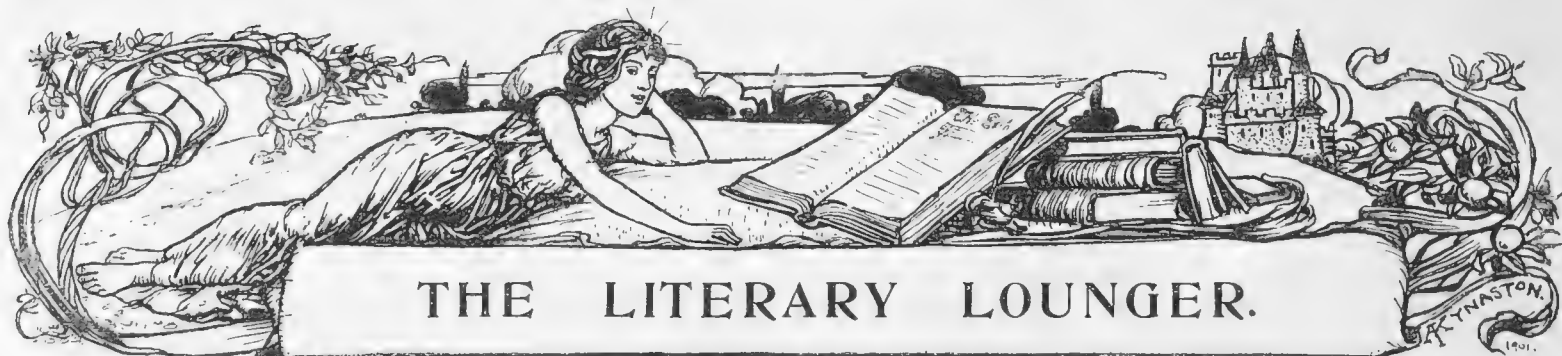
Tom B.

Chicot



MISS IDA RENE, A CLEVER LONDON MUSIC-HALL ARTISTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



THROUGH THE LEAVES.

IT is, perhaps, a little early to attempt any adequate review of the book-sales of the season, but there is a general impression abroad that this year will compare very favourably with last, and will, indeed, prove the best that the publishers and booksellers have experienced for a long time. Fiction is, of course, responsible for the bulk of the trade, but it is a pleasure to note the really remarkably large sales of biographical and historical works. Fortunately, it cannot be said here, as it is in America, that the popular novel of the day has completely ousted every other kind of literature.

The old favourites have been particularly well-represented in this season's book-sales, and it is a real pleasure to be able to say that practically without exception the new books have been worthy of the authors' reputation, and that they have sold not merely as a result of previous successes, but on their own genuine, intrinsic merit. A case in point is offered by Mr. Seton Merriman's new novel, "The Velvet Glove," which is equal to, if not better than, the best he has ever written, and in every way a vast improvement on his last two books. "The Velvet Glove" is the very essence of good romance. The story is absorbing; the setting, with its wonderful pictures of old Spain, is in itself a magnificent romance; while the style, so personal and characteristic, is free from the exaggerated philosophisings and rather ponderous affectations which disfigured much of Mr. Merriman's previous work.

The case between Messrs. F. A. Stokes and Co. and the publishers of the *Delineator*, to which I referred a short time ago as forming an American counterpart of the Pearson-Hall Caine litigation, is to be tried very shortly in the American Courts. The *Delineator* repudiated the contract made with Messrs. Stokes for the serial publication of "The Secret Orchard" on the ground that the story was immoral.

A good story of the far-reaching power of the caricaturist is told in the *American Bookman*. In the fight against the Tweed régime, Thomas Nast, the cartoonist of *Harper's Weekly*, contributed more to the overthrow of Tweed and his associates than any of the arguments which appeared in the public Press, and to one of his cartoons was due the final capture of Tweed. Upon one occasion, Mr. Nast found an analogy between Tweed's behaviour in the matter of some city franchise and a kidnapper stealing a child. A copy of *Harper's Weekly* containing this cartoon found its way into Spain and fell into the hands of a Spanish gendarme who knew absolutely nothing of the conditions in New York politics. Soon after Tweed's arrival in Spain he was seen walking along the street by this gendarme, who recognised him from the cartoon and apprehended him on the charge of kidnapping.

In some reminiscences of Wilkie Collins published in the same periodical, the author of "The Woman in White" is reported to have delivered himself of the following *obiter dictum*: "Look at Smollett and Sterne; there is not a publisher in England who would risk the reproduction of their works, for they are dead, and nothing on earth can revive them, while edition after edition of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' pours through the presses, and no novel of the day, even, is more widely read." Which shows that Wilkie Collins was no prophet.

The interest in Mrs. Margaret Woods's new novel, "Sons of the Sword," centres in her picture of Napoleon. Good as is the story, attractive as are the other characters, there is something vital lacking in the scenes in which the "Little Corporal" plays no part. Mrs. Woods's Napoleon is, perhaps, the most historically accurate picture of "the man" as distinguished from "the General" to be found in fiction. But, frankly, I do not like it. I recognise that there is a reverse side to the Napoleonic medal, and I am quite willing to believe that Napoleon, in his vulgar, blatant amours, was mean, petty, and repulsive; but, personally, I prefer the heroic side of the picture, to which Mrs. Woods has barely done justice. "Sons of the Sword" contains, however, a description of the campaign in Spain and Portugal which it is a pleasure and not a little of an education to read. It is a story, too, which is crammed with adventure and fighting, and for its hero it has one of the finest cavaliers *sans peur et sans reproche* of recent fiction. But I protest once more against the unhappy ending. It is unnecessary, and therefore inexcusable.

A number of unpublished letters of Southey are to be issued shortly, first in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and secondly in volume form. o. o.

"ALL ABOUT ALL OF US."

AN IDEAL CHILDREN'S BOOK.

"DICK says my story is so higgledy-piggledy," cries the small writer ("M.C.E.W.") of "All About All of Us" (Dent and Co.), and I must confess that that candid brother is not far from the truth, and yet what could be more delightful than the childish, inconsequent ramblings which constitute the little volume? Sometimes, the author informs us, they lived in London, and sometimes in the Cottage in the country; and when there are no events of absorbing interest taking place in the country, the reader is treated to reminiscences of London, where the children had their "proper"

chairs and their favourite spoons—"the big spoon, the bitten spoon, and the ducky spoon"—and where also was situated the shop of the wonderful Porter, who is described as having "more penny things for a penny" than Mrs. Dewberry of the village could boast. No one can say that these children did not believe in the efficacy of prayer, for we are told "when we play games, we say 'bar prayers' before we begin. That means, we mustn't pray to win, because the boys say it isn't fair. Peter prayed for double-six at dominoes the other day, and he got it, but he forgot to say 'bar prayers.' He didn't do it on purpose, so it didn't matter." Indeed, as a family they were remarkable for their religious zeal, for not only did they kneel on cane seats during their devotions, testing the length of their supplications by the marks on their poor little knees, but the baby had to be rebuked in church for singing "Hoec (Holy)—Hoec—Hoec" with too much fervour. This rebuke, however, was not received in a Christian spirit, for the baby remarked, "Give me my ummyelly and me'll go home," and marched out of the church.

All lovers of simple childhood and innocent, natural humour should secure a copy of this charming little book. It is a dainty volume, perfectly written and prettily illustrated, and will make a delightful Christmas gift, either for a child or a "grown-up."



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(J. M. Dent and Co.)



THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

"ANTICIPATIONS."

ALMOST simultaneously, two volumes have appeared from the facile pen of Mr. H. G. Wells. One, "The First Men in the Moon" (Newnes), belongs to the type of novel which may be styled the "scientific extravaganza"; it is very much the sort of book with which this author's name is most widely associated. The other,



MR. WELLS'S LIBRARY, SHOWING SOME OF THE MATERIALS FOR "ANTICIPATIONS."

"Anticipations" (Chapman and Hall), is not a novel, but a prophecy—not a fantasy, but a forecast; it might very well have been called "Looking Forward." "The First Men in the Moon," like "The Time Machine," "The Invisible Man," "The War of the Worlds," and some other works of Mr. Wells, exhibits that extraordinarily fertile combination of scientific knowledge and soaring imagination which we have come to look for in him, and certainly thus far he has not disappointed us. In his new novel there is the same happy blending of "nature and human nature," plus imagination, that is seen in most of his stories.

Great numbers will read "The First Men in the Moon"—some for its satire, others for its wit and its wisdom, but most for the sheer wonder of the story. Everybody should read it. Mr. Wells himself tells me that he is particularly anxious, however, that everybody should read "Anticipations." This book is composed of a series of essays presenting certain speculations which, in the author's words, "taken altogether, will build up an imperfect and very hypothetical, but sincerely intended forecast of the way things will probably go in this new century." With that sense of humour which is never far away from Mr. Wells, even in his most serious moments, he adds, "Necessarily, diffidence will be one of the graces of the performance." Truth to say, I do not find in the book any very striking display of this diffidence, nor do I see that it was called for. What I do see in it is the manifestation of an unusually bright, vivid, illuminating Intelligence touching life and its issues at almost all points—an Intelligence resolutely candid and inflexibly sincere, indifferent to time-serving criticism, absolutely set on delivering a Message to Men, which rests not on any revelation, but has its foundation in a natural, though, no doubt, finely developed, faculty of logical deduction.

In a way, it might be termed a militant Message. As I read the book, I was all the while tempted more and more to think of Mr. Wells, as a Giant Greathead of a twentieth-century Pilgrim's Progress,

valourously, unweariedly, delightedly dealing thwacking, resounding blows at the futilities in present-day schemes of life—pounding, pounding away to produce an impression on what he calls the "grey indefiniteness of the general mind." Yet Mr. Wells is no pessimist as regards the future; his Message is a Message of Reasonable Hope. Some there be who will receive it gladly; but, as it cuts like a sweeping scythe across the body of immemorial tradition and prejudice, the vast majority will find it too hard for them. I can well imagine that there are many who will be furiously indignant, and more particularly with the last part of the Message (Chapter IX.), on the Faith, Morals, and Public Policy of the New Republic which Mr. Wells forecasts will be evolved out of the "fading contours and colours of our existing nations and institutions." In this essay Mr. Wells prophesies that by the year 2000 A.D. orthodox philanthropy, traditional religion, and ordinary conceptions of morality, such as now obtain, will have been destroyed or profoundly modified; it is a daring essay, but it is one emphatically to be read and pondered. But it will be well to remember that, after all, these Anticipations are "speculations"—rough sketches, to quote again from the book, of the coming time.

The opening essay deals with Locomotion in the Twentieth Century, the second with the Probable Diffusion of Great Cities, or rather, of vast "urban regions," in which, owing to the development of the facilities of locomotion, people will live. "It is not too much to say," writes Mr. Wells, "that the London citizen of 2000 A.D. may have a choice of nearly all England and Wales south of Nottingham and east of Exeter as his suburb." Next follow essays on Developing Social Elements and Certain Social Reactions. In the latter Mr. Wells pictures the man of 2000 A.D. as having no leisure "for a wife of the distracting, perplexing personality kind," but "wedded to a healthy, intelligent, and loyal person, who will be her husband's companion in their common leisure, and, as mother of their three or four children and manager of his household, be as much of a technically capable individual as himself." In another essay Mr. Wells concludes that "Democracy must pass away inevitably." In the sixth he declares that "the war of the coming time will really be won in schools and colleges and universities." In the seventh he treats of the Conflict of Languages, and appears to think French, rather than English, will become the universal tongue. With the exception of the ninth essay—already referred to—the eighth, to which the title is given of "The Larger Synthesis," is the most interesting in the book. . . . But my allotted space is at an end. "Anticipations" is an exceedingly brilliant book, a profound and an earnest and a stimulating study. I hope I have not given an impression that it is a "heavy" book, for it is nothing of the kind. On every page are flashes of wit. ROBERT MACHRAY.



MR. H. G. WELLS IN HIS GARDEN AT SPADA HOUSE (DESIGNED BY MR. VOYSEY), SANDGATE.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND MR. GILBERT HARE IN "BECKY SHARP."

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



HOW BECKY GETS A CHEQUE OUT OF THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE.

REVIVAL OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

Some of the Principals Photographed specially for "The Sketch" by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



MR. JAMES E. SULLIVAN AS "THE POLITE LUNATIC."



MISS MADGE LESSING AS "THE BELLE."



MR. ALBERT WHELAN AS ICHABOD BRONSON.



MISS HELEN DUPONT AS "THE QUEEN OF COMIC OPERA."



MISS ELFIE FAY AS "THE SOUSA GIRL."



MISS IRENE PERRY AS FIFI.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A FOREWORD CONCERNING SYDENHAM'S PANTOMIME AND CIRCUS.

AT the Crystal Palace there now exists a kind of dual Management, respectively representing the old school and the new school. The former is typified in the person of Mr. Gillman, who has laboured so long and so successfully at this historical temple of amusement, the latter in the individuality of Mr. Humphrey E. Brammall, a



MR. HUMPHREY E. BRAMMALL,
MANAGER AND PROPRIETOR OF THE
PANTOMIME AND CIRCUS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MR. BERESFORD WHITCOMB,
WHO WILL PLAY BLUEBEARD IN THE
PANTOMIME.

Photo by Owen Brooks, Leeds.

name well known in Liverpool, Brighton (Hippodrome), and elsewhere. The old school are content to progress in the benign atmosphere of past triumphs, but the new school must leap upward and onward to fresh victories and triumphs new.

One of the results of this is that at Christmas we are to have at Sydenham a multifarious entertainment on a very comprehensive scale. In this both schools will be represented. There will be a Pantomime, a Circus, a Children's Exhibition, and "side-shows" innumerable. Both Pantomime and Circus will be under the management and proprietorship of Mr. Brammall, who is conscious that he is attempting a very big thing. But he has turned his back to the possibility of failure and is looking and pressing only towards success. May he attain it! Let us give enterprise every encouragement.

The Pantomime will move round the personality of "Bluebeard," the anti-celibate. There will be neither transformation nor harlequinade, the curtain descending on the singing of a stirring loyalist song and the formation of an imposing tableau. The song—in the hands, or rather, in the mouth, of Mr. John Macauley, whose powerful tenor voice is so well known at Sydenham, assisted by a strong chorus—should be sufficient to put a successful period to each performance. Miss Cissy Paris will make a majestic and imposing "principal boy," and Miss Minnie Abbey a chic and fascinating "principal girl." Mr. Beresford Whitcomb will appear as the gentleman with the cerulean hirsute appendage, and Tom Biss will look after Sister A. Other artistes "pencilled" for the production are Violet Bronson, Dorothy Glenton, Mignonette Tremaine, Burgoyne and Hilliard, Vienna Troupe of Dancers, Herbert Troupe, and Little Cliff. The last-named is a particularly apt juvenile performer, whom Mr. Brammall regards as a distinct "find." He has secured the little phenomenon for several years to appear at his various establishments. Martino will also introduce his "nest of vipers"—Ugh! Shudderful idea!—and the Alaska sealions will disport themselves to everybody's astonishment. In addition, there will be a "Whirling Dervish."



MISS CISSY PARIS,
"PRINCIPAL BOY" IN THE PANTOMIME.

Photo by Turnbull and Sons, Glasgow.

In the Circus, Besini's horses from the Paris Hippodrome will be the "star" turn. Mr. Brammall waxed so enthusiastic to me concerning these animals that I have decided to reserve a big supply of appreciation and applause for distribution when they "happen" at the Crystal Palace. M. Grubo will also introduce some horses, and the toy terriers of Ada are destined to amuse you. There will be many clowns, among them Yorick and Yorick—had Hamlet's lamented acquaintance a brother?—and August and September, who will be as bright and merry as their seasonable namesakes. Little Tony, a juvenile jockey, is sure to be of particular interest to the children, as also will be the hat-throwing of the Leotard Brothers. Permane's bears will exhibit their obedience and skill, and the Alexandro Brothers will balance themselves in perilous positions on a pedestal.



LITTLE CLIFF,
WHO WILL PLAY IN THE PANTOMIME.

Photo by Pearlmann and Co, Glasgow.

In the Pantomime, Mr. Macauley, who will appear as the Demon King, will be transformed into a faithful likeness of our venerable friend Father Christmas. He will enter a room, loaded with toys, by way of the chimney, sing a song containing certain topical allusions, and then distribute his toys in the auditorium. During his singing, several little children will dance from out obscurity and encircle him.

In the Children's Exhibition there will be seen all sorts and conditions of dolls, including one or more belonging to the late Queen. There will also, as usual, be a huge Christmas-tree loaded with toys, and, as I have already intimated, many side-shows. Two performances each of the Pantomime and Circus will be given every day, alternate in character and consecutive as a whole.

Certainly nobody can charge the Crystal Palace joint Management with anything approaching niggardliness in their Christmas catering of 1901.

A SPORTING SYNDICATE.

A very amusing case of shooting another man's birds occurred recently. A good sportsman and kindly gentleman was compelled to give up his place and live on the rent of it. Some men who had made up a shooting syndicate took it and spared no expense in the rearing of pheasants. The two best drives on the place were comparatively close to the boundaries and to the land of a very rich old farmer who was devoted to the owner of the estate. The shooting syndicate was composed of third-rate shots, townmen who, perhaps because they knew no better, offended the farmer openly and without excuse. When the big drives took place, scores of birds went straight into the farmer's root-crops, and on the following day the farmer and his sons, with the help of one or two neighbours, would get a better day's sport than the shooting syndicate. Needless to say, this led to friction; a lawyer was consulted, and big nets were erected on the boundaries at considerable expense, only to yield to the first gale. The farmer swore to prosecute the first man who ventured on to his root-crop fields; his sons gave out that they would rely upon their hunting-crops and would not call in the local policeman. Finally, the syndicate decided to have the birds driven out of the woods in the early morning and returned to them by the beaters over the guns. This saved the situation.



MR. JOHN MACAULEY
AS FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A RISING ARTIST.

MR. LEONARD LINSDELL, whose work is so familiar to readers of the illustrated papers and magazines, is one of those artists who owe nothing to Fortune's favours in the shape of wealthy parents and an artistic home-circle. What he has achieved is entirely due to his undoubted talents combined with perseverance and the faculty of making the very best use of his opportunities. After leaving school, he worked for some time with his father, an architect and surveyor; but that kind of work was not congenial, for, as he himself says, he "was not built that way," and the business having gone down, and his salary with it, he thought it advisable to try and utilise his spare time in drawing for the Press. One of his first sketches

flying will be broken up and the mating will commence. The grouse family prepares for domesticity before most game-birds, and, perhaps, this is the reason why the close time begins so early. Partridges may be shot down to the end of January, but I have known the coveys to break up very early in the month when the weather has been mild, and so soon as the birds have separated from their family and are beginning to pair they seem to lose the greater part of their wildness and often yield an easy mark to ignorant or unscrupulous sportsmen. Perhaps it is the same with the grouse. I have noticed in towns near the moors, particularly the English moors, that many "frozen grouse" are on sale after the close season in shops that never boasted an ice-house, and even in the South the partridge lasts longer in February than at any other season of the year. The administration of the Game Laws is not quite perfect.



THE MATINÉE IDOL.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

was accepted by the now defunct *Pictorial World*, and, thus encouraged, the young artist pushed ahead, studying when he "could get time, mostly in the evening," for short periods at the Westminster School of Art. The result should be eminently encouraging to struggling young artists, for now, at the age of thirty, Mr. Linsdell is a constant and valued contributor to a long list of weekly and monthly publications.

END OF THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON.

The end of the best grouse-shooting season known for some years has now arrived; the red grouse of the moors and his cousins the blackcock and the ptarmigan are free to go their ways in peace. Grouse have been out of easy reach for some time now, so wild and sly on most moors since October that it has been almost impossible to bring them over the guns, and in a week or two the great packs in which the birds have been

Most of the great shootings have had their annual visitation by now. A week's sport suffices to exhaust the possibilities of huge preserves in these days, when so much attention is paid to the bag. Some coverts are shot no more than once a year, and, so soon as a great bag has been made, nobody cares for a small one. A hard day that makes the loader flinch as he takes the hot guns and compels the shooter to wear an asbestos glove is voted better than twenty days that yield small results. The four-figure bag is becoming quite common on big preserves that are shot by half-a-dozen guns or more. It is worthy of note, however, that even the great expenditure of time and money given to game-preserving in England cannot bring the bags up to a third of the size that obtains on the great estates of Germany and Austria. I see that the Kaiser is reported to have secured over nine hundred birds to his own gun in a single day on one of his noblemen's estates a week or so ago; the day's bag was six thousand head.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS STONE.

I AM able to give some extremely interesting pictures, not only of the country where Miss Stone, the American missionary, is still hidden with the brigand band who abducted her, early in September, with a view to obtaining an enormous ransom, but further to show a portrait group in which one of her captors figures, and another of the police who are now trying to rescue the unfortunate lady.

The affair has naturally made more sensation in America than it has here—indeed, this country, though the fact is now forgotten by most people, once had an even more terrible brigand sensation than that which has filled the American papers for weeks past.

It was in the April of 1870 that a party of English tourists, including Lord and Lady Muncaster, Count de Boyl, a Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and their child, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Vyner, one of the most charming and gifted members of a noted family, were all seized by a band of Attic brigands while returning from an excursion to the battlefield of Marathon.

Miss Stone's Bulgarian captors have fixed her ransom at £25,000; their Greek comrades, more greedy, demanded in 1870 £5000 more, but they gallantly released the ladies of the party, who journeyed sadly back to Athens, where they made their companions' terrible plight known to the British Minister. The money was raised without a moment's delay, but the brigands, breaking faith, then raised their demand to £50,000! This further sum was also procured; but, perhaps just because the whole matter had been arranged so easily, the chief of the brigands made a yet further claim—that of a full pardon for himself and his band.

The Greek Government could not consent to this iniquitous proposal, and then began endless negotiations, made all the more painful owing to the fact that the chivalrous King George was the brother of our then Princess of Wales. So distressed was the young Sovereign at the state of things that he himself nobly offered to surrender his person to the brigands in exchange for the British captives, an offer, however, which the wily brigands were too wise to accept. Persuaded by the British Minister to leave his mountain stronghold and, accompanied, of course, by his captives, to come to a place where negotiations could be more easily carried on, Takos, the brigand chief, suddenly saw

himself surrounded by Greek soldiery, and enraged at, as he thought, the treachery of the British negotiators—to whom this extraordinary and foolish conduct on the part of the Greek police was unknown, he ordered his comrades to turn on their captives and kill them, which they accordingly did, without leaving a single survivor.

It has been many times pointed out that several features of this thirty-year-old story have now repeated themselves. Miss Stone and her companion, the unfortunate lady who is said to have already died from the hardships to which the two ladies have been

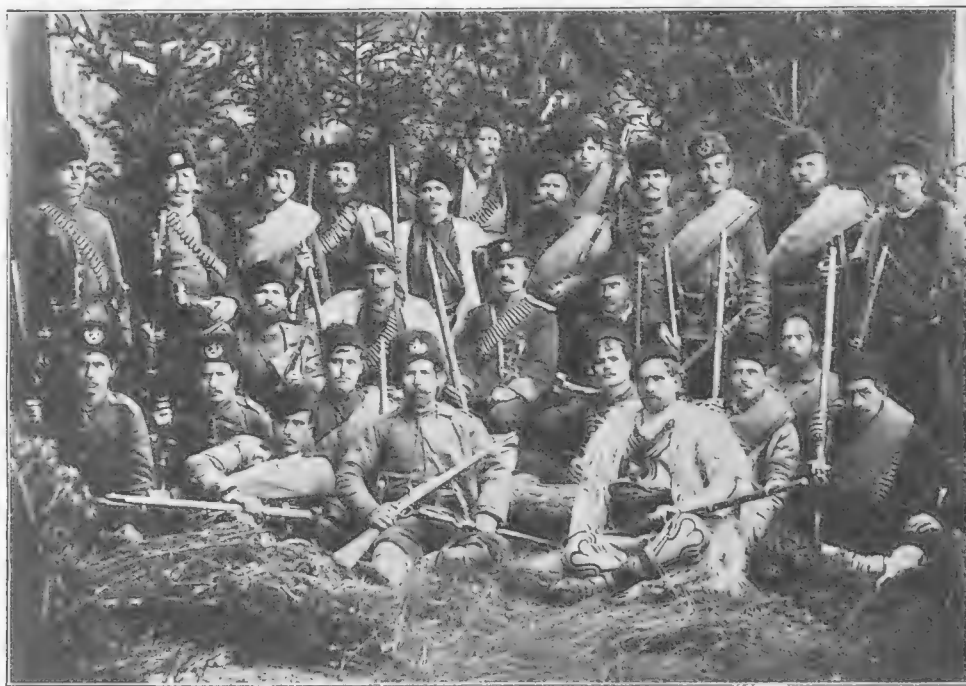
exposed, were captured in a district supposed to be cleared of brigands; the ransom was fixed on the same extortionate scale; the brigands threatened to murder their prisoners in the event of being pursued by troops; and now, again, the whole question is terribly complicated by political difficulties.

Nothing can be lovelier than the stretch of Bulgarian country on the borders of Turkey which has been for so long—in fact, since the Middle Ages—a brigands' paradise. Two chains of lofty mountains, sections of the Southern Balkans, run for nearly a hundred miles in parallel directions, and Miss Stone's missionary work lay in the fine plateau stretching between the two ranges. The ground is exceedingly fertile, and, on the whole, the devoted American missionaries who labour there among the people lead not unhappy lives, though they are quite constantly exposed to the risk of capture by robber chiefs. Even Miss Stone herself had once been so taken, but, after a short time, released. The brigands are connected with most of the villagers, and thus can turn into simple peasants or shepherds at will.

Doucho, Miss Stone's jailer, is a regular type of the robber chief so dear to the imagination of the British schoolboy. He is a famous Bulgarian outlaw, and by way of a little joke, when he and his band are intent on anything more than usually nefarious, they make a point of disguising themselves as Turkish Regular troops. According to his friends—and, strange to say, he has many in the Turkish and Bulgarian political worlds—he is treating Miss Stone and her unfortunate companion, Madame Tsilka, with every courtesy and kindness; indeed, some go so far as to say that they are being well cared for in a pretty hut in the midst of a mountain village. There is no doubt that they are allowed occasionally to communicate with the outside world, but that makes their position all the more pitiful.

Miss Stone is a fine type of the American missionary. She has given up the whole of her life to the Bulgarian missions, and, after teaching for over twenty years in the American Evangelical Girls' Schools at Samakof, near the Turkish frontier, she was given the onerous but highly honourable position of Inspectress of the whole of the Mission Settlements in Macedonia.

In America the most extraordinary interest has been taken in the case; more than one popular newspaper has despatched an emissary "to find Miss Stone." Naturally, the various Missionary Societies have not been idle, and practically the whole of the money wanted has been collected. It is a significant fact that brigands often begin by asking for much more than they are willing to take. When Mr. Arthur Haseldin was captured by a Spanish robber-band in 1874, his friends managed to get the amount of the ransom reduced from £40,000 to £6000!



THE BULGARIAN GENDARMES WHO ARE IN PURSUIT OF THE BRIGANDS.

From Photographs by Gribayédoff, Paris.



A BULGARIAN BRIGAND BETWEEN TWO GENDARMES.



ONE OF THE FORTIFIED MONASTERIES IN THE REGION WHERE MISS STONE WAS CAPTURED.



MISS MARIE FAWCETT,

AS ONE OF THE SIX LITTLE WIVES IN "SAN TOY," THE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL COMEDY JUST WITHDRAWN FROM DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND DANFIELD, WIGMORE STREET, W.



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE IN "THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MRS. CECIL POWNEY,
A BRILLIANT SOCIETY LEADER AND A TALENTED AMATEUR ACTRESS.
(See "Small Talk.")

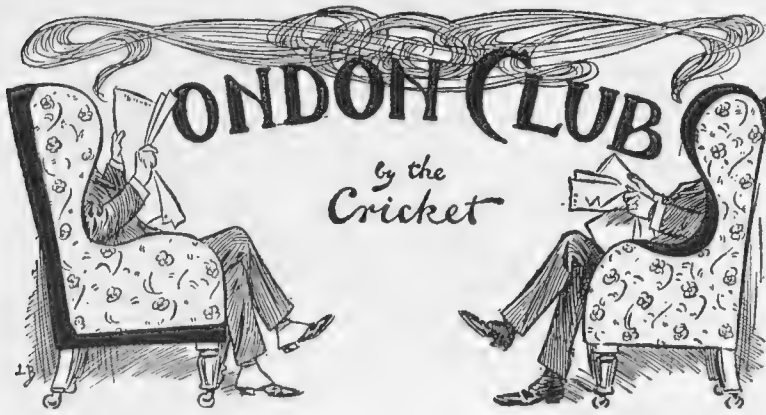
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MADAME JANE HADING IN "LA POMPADOUR."

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.



III.—THE REFORM.

BEING built after the design of a palace of ancient Venice, the Reform is given up to the entertainment of stout, elderly English gentlemen with sound Liberal views and a taste for gastronomy. At one time it was the oracle to which the Liberal world turned in moments of doubt: to-day it has become comparatively modern, and, though you are still forbidden to smoke in the hall among the busts of the mighty departed, you can actually see a member glance stealthily at the tape now and again, and can even hear him whisper soft words of disappointment.

It is essential that you whisper in the Reform—a tradition possibly to be traced to those days when Cabinet Ministers exchanged confidences over the coffee-pot and the fate of nations depended upon the success of a *soufflé à la Soyer*. As you enter the door and inquire for your host, you are wrapped round—by the porter—with a cloak of awe. Even the Eton-collared youth who conducts you to the cloak-room makes you feel that you are verily on holy ground. He treads softly; you creep after him. He beckons, points to a row of pegs, unrobes you silently, swiftly, beckons again, and finally lands you trembling at the feet of your expectant host. This latter is also infected with the spirit of silence that has made the Reform its home. No cheery “How are you, old chap?” welcomes you. He shakes your hand flabbily, inquires in a whisper of the state of your health, then leads you stealthily to the dining-room. Here, owing to the clatter of knives and forks—and Reformers ply good ones, let me hasten to assure you—you may speak in one tone louder, though really you don’t dare to talk much. For your really sound Liberal can conjugate the verb “to cook” better than any Sixth Form boy could decline *mensa*, and his predecessors took such care of the cellar that you need have no fear of your heart being left long unhappy.

Dinner over—it generally takes some little time—your host rises; so do you, but unwillingly. Again you are wrapped round with the spirit of solemnity. Again he beckons you, and, as you make your way through the maze of statuary and gaze upon the oleaginous presentments of past politicians, you feel tempted to cast your shoes from off your feet and worship at the shrine of true Liberalism. Coffee and cigars, however, take you magnetically to the library, where you sit smoking and whispering till Morpheus calls you home.

So strong, in a word, is the spirit of solemnity that it is said an elderly Liberal gentleman of strict morals, after a dinner at

the Reform, took the porter by the arm, led him to the bottom of the steps, shouted “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!” in his astonished ear, and went home in a cab singing “All coons look alike to me.” And the story goes that, on reaching his home, he even disturbed his wife, who is also elderly and a holder of Liberal views, and compelled her to join in the chorus.

Still, Rumour is so very undependable.

But, if the Reform be quiet by night, what must it be by day? You may well ask the question. I cannot answer. Being of the cheerful, pat-you-on-the-back, thanks-mine’s-a-brandy-and-soda-old-chap type, I have steadily refused to call for my reforming friends until the shades of night have fallen.

The sight of those cold, grave busts, the stealthy tread of the Eton-collared conductor, the seal-like flapper extended to me in place of my host’s usually hearty grip—all these I can endure when the electric-lighting company sheds its beneficent, if expensive, rays over all things. But in the cold grey light of day—no! For years I have steadily refused to smoke cigars in Westminster Abbey or to drink brandy-and-soda in the South Kensington Museum. I like both, but in their proper places.

The Reform is still, now and again, the assembly-rooms of the Liberal Party, whence Jupiter Campbell-Bannerman hurls his thunderbolts at the Conservative giants. But you seldom eat your *côtelettes à la russe* to the music of a Cabinet Minister’s voice, and Ambassadors no longer apologise to the *chef* for having disapproved of his dishes.

You can, if you like, rub shoulders with an Advanced Liberal Editor, and use the same ash-tray as a sprig of the Local Government Board. But Soyer has passed away, and, though his mighty kitchens remain, there are many to whom the recollection of his sauces brings tears and who are choked by thoughts of his *soles Normande*. I sometimes wonder, when I contemplate the statuary in the hall of the Reform Club, whether in the days to come when I, too, shall be only a bust, the historian will trace the present indisposition of the Liberal Party to the death of the greatest of all the *chefs*. The triumph of matter over mind—what food for the essayist! Social progress in a tureen, old-age pensions in a sauce-boat, Church establishment in an angel-on-horseback. Picture the mighty Soyer basting a duckling upon which depended another twopenny on the income-tax, or stuffing with truffles a *poussin* which carried with it the fate of a Light Railway Bill.

But I would fain be a member of the Reform Club, and, despite my somewhat doubtful political views, they might elect me to-day. The fact is that the Reform is not quite so exacting as in the days gone by. Journalists gather information in its library, and solicitors discuss the law in its dining-room. I have even heard it said that a candidate for election once audibly remarked that he was a Conservative, yet was received with open arms. But this I refuse to credit, for I have always found my reforming friends terribly Liberal—especially in public, and they would not openly accept the heretic, I warrant. But, if the Reform have drawbacks, it is still one of the few Clubs left that lend respectability to your visiting-cards, and, if it be not cheap to enter, it is certainly reasonable enough to live at, and excellent withal. Its waiters may be sad, but they serve well; its porter may be solemn, but he is always your friend; the hall may be awesome, but it is very beautiful. It is, indeed, all so delightfully respectable and quiet and dull and English. There is no attempt



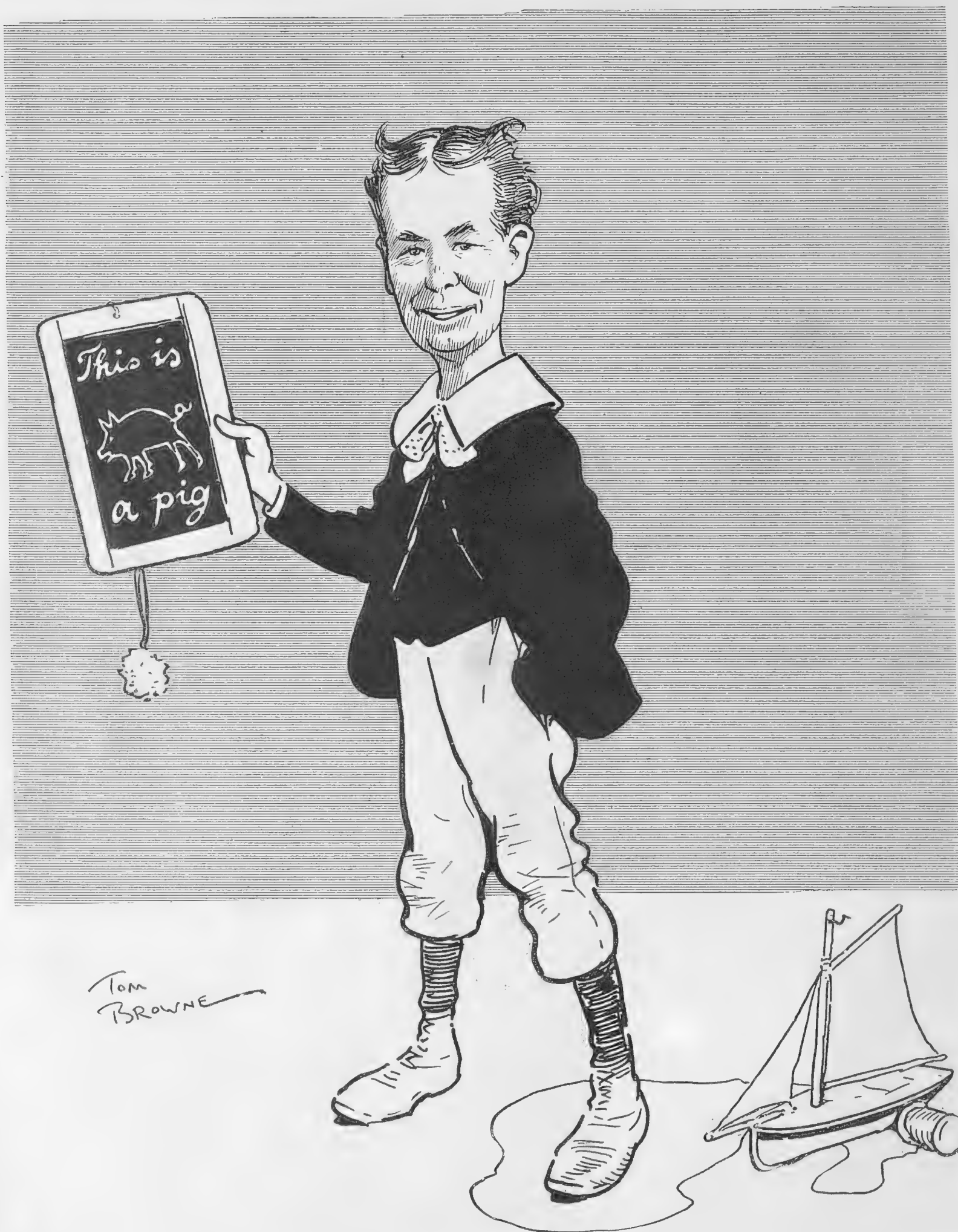
A “REFORMER.”
Drawn by Lewis Baumer.

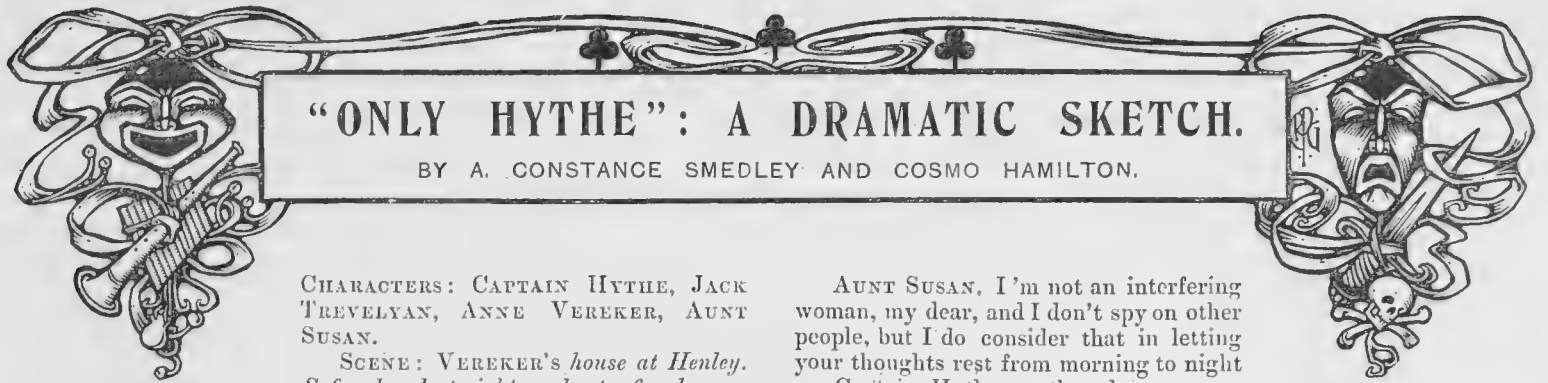
at gaiety, no temptation to laughter, no incitement to wit. It is John Bull in bricks, mortar, and marble.

But I know no Club in London where you can get better old brown sherry, nor another where they have a German head-waiter.

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL CARICATURES BY TOM BROWNE.





CHARACTERS: CAPTAIN HYTHE, JACK TREVELYAN, ANNE VEREKER, AUNT SUSAN.

SCENE: VEREKER'S house at Henley. Sofa placed at right angles to fireplace R. Doors R., C., and L. Standard lamp,

with red shade, behind divan, L. Low table, with illustrated papers, L. of sofa. Wastepaper-basket under table. ANNE VEREKER stands by lamp, reading a paper. She yawns listlessly as CURTAIN rises. AUNT SUSAN is sitting asleep on sofa, with her knitting on her lap. Clock strikes nine. Enter SERVANT with letters and coffee.

ANNE. Coffee! Why it's nine! Have they left the dining-room?

SERVANT. Yes, miss. Gentlemen are in the billiard-room. Master said I was to serve their coffee there. (ANNE makes a movement of disgust.) Evening post, miss. (He gives her a letter.)

ANNE. Oh—from Jack! (Takes letter indifferently.)

[SERVANT takes coffee to AUNT SUSAN, asleep. Stands embarrassed, coughs.]

ANNE (looking up). That will do, Marshall. Leave it on the table.

[SERVANT places tray on little table by sofa, and exits R. C.]

ANNE (yawning). Yes, it is from Jack. "Dearest and best-beloved girl in the whole wide world!" Oh, if he could only think of another formula! "Train gets to Henley at nine. Of course, there's no real need to meet me." (Raising her eyebrows.) Of course not! "But, oh, my darling, how I long to see you! Oh, my sweetheart, what a sinful waste of time it is to be away from you a single minute! Oh, if you only knew——" (Sighing impatiently.) What a lot of "Oh's"! (Looking hastily over pages.) All the same, no news! (She crumples the eight pages up and throws them into wastepaper-basket R.) Now I wonder—I wonder if Captain Hythe would be so silly if he were in love! (She speaks dreamily and sits on divan L.)

AUNT SUSAN (waking up). I beg your pardon, dear. I didn't quite catch that. I get so interested in my work. There's something wonderfully soothing about a sock!

ANNE. Yes, dear; I've been noticing.

AUNT SUSAN (looking at her sharply). Anne, my love; there's a growing tendency to flippancy in your manner I don't like at all. Keep a watch on it.

ANNE. Flippant! flippant! Oh, these long, long evenings, waiting, waiting, while father plays thousands up! Flippant! For two pins, I could be vulgar.

AUNT SUSAN (starting, much shocked). My dear child, do be careful! You've made me drop two stitches! Dear, dear, dear! Is the nine o'clock post in yet?

ANNE. Yes, Aunt.

AUNT SUSAN. Any letter for me?

ANNE. Only one from Jack—at least, I suppose Jack calls it a letter. I know what I call it.

AUNT SUSAN. What's that?

ANNE. Will you give me two pins and let me have my head?

AUNT SUSAN (shocked). Anne!

ANNE. Oh, Auntie, I must do something or say something dreadful! They'll be there again till bedtime. (Fiercely.) I wish I were a clergyman!

AUNT SUSAN. A clergyman!

ANNE. Then I could say billiards were an invention of the devil!

AUNT SUSAN. My love! They were made to keep Army men from mischief!

ANNE. Oh, if there are two things in the world I hate, it's billiards and—laurels. (She tears a leaf petulantly from bush in pot L., as she walks impatiently about room, and crumples it up in her hand.) They're both so beastly everlasting!

AUNT SUSAN (quietly). I thought Mr. Trevelyan arrives to-night.

ANNE (indifferently). Oh—Jack! Yes, he'll turn up some time or other, I suppose. (Crossing to door L. and pulling curtains aside; the click of billiard-balls is heard faintly in the distance.) There they go, pocketing their cannons and breaking their cushions! And Captain Hythe goes away to-morrow! Oh, I do think father is a selfish man!

AUNT SUSAN (putting down work, speaking very quietly and in a motherly tone). Anne, my dear, come here. I want to speak to you.

ANNE (coming unwillingly). But calling father selfish isn't flippant. It's only truthful! He knows how I like to talk to Captain Hythe.

AUNT SUSAN. My dear, does Captain Hythe know of Mr. Trevelyan's attachment to you?

ANNE. Know? Why, Captain Hythe is Jack's greatest friend! When Jack was at Eton he was kicked all over the place by him. He used to tell him all about me then.

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AUNT SUSAN, I'm not an interfering woman, my dear, and I don't spy on other people, but I do consider that in letting your thoughts rest from morning to night on Captain Hythe, as they do now, you behave very unfairly to Mr. Trevelyan.

ANNE. But, my dear Auntie, why? I'm going to marry Jack—we settled it all when we were seven! We know it! Everybody knows it! It isn't as if we could get out of it

AUNT SUSAN. Get out of it! You've been thinking about it?

ANNE. One can't help thinking things.

AUNT SUSAN. No. And I can't help thinking that Mr. Trevelyan is a very foolish young man to leave you so much with Captain Hythe.

ANNE. But, Auntie dear, it's always been like that! Even at school and college, while I watched Jack play games, Jack's great friend looked after me. Oh, it's all right, Auntie—it's "only Hythe!"

AUNT SUSAN (rising and fussing about the lamp). Well, I'm an old woman, or shall be very soon, and I have not been able to keep my eyes always closed, though I've always tried to do so. Captain Hythe is a fascinating man. I think you are putting yourself in a very dangerous position.

ANNE (wistfully). Do you, really? (Sighing.) A dangerous position sounds so exciting, after the monotony of a thirteen years' engagement! But Captain Hythe's not a boy, like Jack. He's old and sensible, and ever so slightly bald, and one can't imagine people with a tendency to baldness in dangerous positions!

AUNT SUSAN. I don't agree with you. My experience tells me they're the very people to be careful of.

ANNE (innocently). Why? Because they lose their hair more easily? (She laughs mischievously.)

AUNT SUSAN (severely). Of course, it's no business of mine! Young Mr. Trevelyan chooses to leave you alone with his best friend—always the worst person to leave anything with—while he devotes himself to the pursuit of business; at least, what he calls business.

ANNE. Auntie! You don't mean——?

AUNT SUSAN. My dear child, don't mistake me! I mean nothing. I never do. But when a young man, with rather large ears, who writes to you every day and refuses to wear anything but patent-leather boots, talks about being detained on business, I think it's time for even an old woman to open her eyes!

ANNE (with great and icy dignity). Aunt! Jack is the soul of honour, however large his ears may be, and his love for me is a love so far above the love of an ordinary man that I should never suspect him because of his—boots!

AUNT SUSAN. Very well, my dear.

ANNE. And it's very dull for Captain Hythe while Jack's away so much. Someone must entertain him. We can't put him on the doorstep till Jack comes back again.

AUNT SUSAN (quietly). No, dear; he would find that monotonous!

ANNE. Oh, Auntie, you're so suspicious! You don't know Jack as I do! Why, I've known every single thing he's done or thought since he was—in—in petticoats! That's why I'm going to marry him—because I trust him so. There are so few men one knows everything about! Now, Captain Hythe——

AUNT SUSAN. What has he to do with it?

ANNE. Nothing. Only, he's so reserved. I wish I knew what he thinks of me.

AUNT SUSAN. Don't you?

ANNE. No. At least, sometimes I think he likes me, in his fatherly sort of way; and other times I feel he must think me such a nuisance! He's so clever, and so old, and so dreadfully superior!

AUNT SUSAN (shaking her head). A very dangerous young man!

ANNE. Young! Why, he must be thirty! And he's travelled so much, and knows so much! Jack calls him his——

[CAPTAIN HYTHE pushes aside the curtains over door L., and enters, coffee in hand. He is a quiet, utterly cool and collected person, with a tinge of drawl, exceedingly well-groomed, a man who pretends to have no feeling—in reality, the best fellow going.]

CAPTAIN H. If you're not discussing anything very interesting, may I have my coffee here?

ANNE. Captain Hythe! (Below her breath.)

AUNT SUSAN. Oh dear, no! Nothing interesting. We shall be delighted!

ANNE. Yes, do come in! We were only talking about—things in general.

CAPTAIN H. (coming slowly down, carrying his cup and smiling humorously). Tha-anks.

AUNT SUSAN. As a matter of fact, I was telling my niece I think it high time her engagement with Mr. Trevelyan was formally announced.

CAPTAIN H. (*looking quietly at ANNE*). Engagement?

AUNT SUSAN. Didn't you know they were engaged?

CAPTAIN H. In a kind of boy-and-girl sort of way, don't you know. But—er—Jack is such a kid—eh—what?

AUNT SUSAN. He's old enough to be in love.

CAPTAIN H. Or young enough.

ANNE (*hastily*). I was telling Aunt Susan what a great friend you've been to Jack.

CAPTAIN H. Yes? Well, he was my fag, don't you see. I always liked the little beggar. He was so confiding.

ANNE. Yes. He used to tell you everything about me, didn't he?

CAPTAIN H. (*looking at her tenderly*). Yes.

ANNE. And he used to tell me everything about you, too.

CAPTAIN H. (*starting*). My hat!

ANNE. So, of course, that's why I'm so interested in you.

CAPTAIN H. (*surprised, putting down coffee*). I say, though—bar chaff!—are you interested in me?

ANNE. Of course, I — (*AUNT SUSAN coughs. ANNE looks at her defiantly*). Of course, I am.

AUNT SUSAN. When I was a girl, we were interested only in the gentlemen we were going to marry!

ANNE. But, my dear Auntie—as if anyone could be interested in Jack!

AUNT SUSAN. My dear!

ANNE. But he's such a boy, and so—so childish! Besides, how can a person be interested in a person when you've known all about him from the time when he wore petticoats? Now, it's not unkind to say that, for I'm going to marry Jack. I can't do more than that—now, can I?

CAPTAIN H. Dunno! Of course, you might be—in love with him. Eh—what?

ANNE. So I am; at least—

AUNT SUSAN (*rising and folding her work*). Is Mr. Vereker alone, Captain Hythe?

CAPTAIN H. (*rising with alacrity and springing to the door*). Oh, must you go? Yes. That is, he was asleep, Miss Vereker.

AUNT SUSAN. James is very sensitive. He does not like to be deserted, even in his sleep. And I wish to talk to him very seriously about this dear child. [*Exit through door L.*]

ANNE (*curling up on sofa*). Oh, it's so stupid! She doesn't believe I am in love with Jack.

CAPTAIN H. (*enthusiastically and emphatically*). I like Aunt Susan! (*ANNE looks up, amazed. He plays with coffee-cup nervously.*) Er—why not?

ANNE. Why? Because Aunt Susan's romantic, and we're sensible. It isn't as if we were children and liked sentiment. Why, I'm nineteen!

CAPTAIN H. And Jack is twenty-two. A most prosaic age!

ANNE (*doubtfully*). Ye—es. Of course, one doesn't wear one's heart on one's sleeve when one feels really deeply.

CAPTAIN H. (*quietly*). No, one doesn't. Does Aunt Susan also think Jack's not in love with you?

ANNE (*sitting up, amazed*). Jack—not—in—love—with—me! Why, she might as well believe it isn't tuppence from here to Piccadilly Circus. It's one of those settled things, like mustard with beef. Wait a minute and I'll show you. (*She goes to wastepaper-basket and hunts up letter, which she uncrumples and smooths out.*) "Dearest and best-beloved girl in the whole wide world!" (*Triumphantly.*) There! How's that?

CAPTAIN H. Habit.

ANNE (*annoyed*). Oh, Captain Hythe! Well, listen here: "There is nothing I should like so much as to give up footer for your sweet sake, and, if I thought it would do you any real good, I would give it up to-morrow!" (*Pausing.*) Well?

CAPTAIN H. Oh, that's rank hedging!

ANNE. Oh, you're horrid! (*She tears up letter and throws it into the fire.*)

CAPTAIN H. But why? How does this affect me?

ANNE. I think it would be a little polite if you would pretend to be a little jealous!

CAPTAIN H. (*laughing*). "If I thought it would do you any real good."

ANNE. Oh, don't tease me! It's your last night, and Jack will be here so soon.

CAPTAIN H. Yes. Horrid little beggar!

ANNE. I say! (*She sits up, amazed.*)

CAPTAIN H. You told me I was to pretend to be jealous, you know!

ANNE. How well you did it! Why, you quite startled me! I thought you meant it. (*She laughs, and goes back again on sofa.*) Do go on!

CAPTAIN H. (*leaning over back of sofa and talking with great earnestness*). We'll begin at the beginning, shall we? Then—I began to be jealous of him long before I even saw you. I began to be jealous of him even talking about you after I saw you. And I've been jealous of him every single hour since that day when you stood on the bank, waving your handkerchief to him in the boat-procession, with your hair streaming out behind you, and your eyes shining, and—

ANNE. How clever you are! You make it sound like a play! Go on—go on!

CAPTAIN H. I fancy I'm tired of the game now.

ANNE (*going on, surprised*). Why, I've never heard you talk so well before! Do you remember the Johns' dance—my first dance at Cambridge—when Jack had his bump supper, and you had to find my partners, and we sat in the quad?

CAPTAIN H. And talked Jack, Jack, Jack, religiously all the time. (*Grimly.*) I remember.

ANNE (*piqued*). You talk as if you found it very boring.

CAPTAIN H. I did, rather.

ANNE (*amazed, then suddenly peeling with laughter*). Oh, how rude! And Aunt Susan calls this a dangerous position!

CAPTAIN H. Eh?

ANNE. She thinks Jack ought to be jealous of you! Fancy—you! When people chaffed Jack, you should have seen the way we laughed! Why, we made it our catch-word—"It's only Hythe!"

CAPTAIN H. Did you? That's rather good, isn't it? "Only Hythe," eh? Yes, that's quite good! If I had been jealous—and, of course, I wasn't—I should have had a pretty bad time, dear little girl—eh—what? (*His quiet voice hides deep feeling.*) If I were awfully in love with you—and, of course, I'm not—and had, willy-nilly, to stand by and hear you talking about marrying Jack, it would hurt a bit, wouldn't it? Especially as I might have been hoping—as, of course, I wasn't—that when you grew up you would find that it was merely a silly boy-and-girl game, after all, and that love—good, strong, eager love—had nothing to do with it, and that—another fellow—

[*Enter a SERVANT with telegram on salver and gives it to ANNE. HYTHE walks slowly away.*]

SERVANT. Mr. Trevelyan.

[*In a dazed way, still looking at HYTHE, she takes telegram, without looking at it. The SERVANT goes out, and she sits for a minute looking at HYTHE with a strange, puzzled look.*]

CAPTAIN H. (*turning, and speaking in his natural voice*). Isn't he coming?

ANNE (*opening it. She reads it absently, then starts and reads it aloud*). "Shall be at Trocadero to-morrow, 8 p.m.—Lucy." Trocadero! Lucy! (*Looks at envelope.*) Oh, Captain Hythe, it's for Jack! Trocadero! (*Rises angrily.*) Lucy! (*She holds out telegram to HYTHE.*)

CAPTAIN H. (*taking it, looking at it quite quietly and lazily*). Oh, yes!—Captain Lucy—rather a pal of his, I believe.

ANNE. Captain Lucy! I never heard of Captain Lucy!

CAPTAIN H. No? How funny! I mean—not at all funny, for, of course, you can rely on Jack's making decent friends, and I dare say he forgot to tell you about this one, don't you see?

ANNE. Yes, of course he did! (*Putting wire in envelope, she looks up, to meet HYTHE's eyes fixed on hers.*) Of course, I never doubted Jack! (*She lays wire down on table.*)

CAPTAIN H. Of course, you didn't. (*Peeling ring at bell outside. A fresh, boyish voice in hall.*)

JACK. All right, Marshall! Drawing-room. All right!

ANNE (*instinctively moving away from HYTHE*). It's Jack! How dreadfully punctual his train is!

[*Enter JACK TREVELYAN, a youthful-looking boy, fair-haired and ingenuous.*]

JACK. My own dearest darling girl! (*He is about to kiss ANNE. She draws back sharply.*)

ANNE. Good gracious, Jack! Can't you see—?

JACK (*laughing*). Oh, it's only Hythe! How do, old man? Oh, my dearest girl, how sweet you look to-night! If you knew how glad I am to see you! Why, it seems years since—

ANNE (*starting back with a little scream*). Oh, Jack dear! What an awful tie!

JACK. Eh?

ANNE. Oh—and you've a new suit! Dear, it's hideous! You look—almost funny!

JACK (*furious*). Really—

ANNE. It makes you look so round-shouldered, dear; and, oh, there's a crease right across the back! (*JACK strains his neck to try and see.*) Oh, why don't you go to Captain Hythe's tailor?

JACK (*with a perfect shout of rage*). Hythe's tailor! Why, mine's the only tailor in London!

ANNE. My dear, then he's sold you a misfit! For Heaven's sake, go and change!

JACK. I shall do nothing of the sort! This is the best suit I've had for years!

ANNE. I'm not disputing that, dear. (*Surveying him critically.*) Though it may be that you're getting stouter, and that may give you the clumsy look!

JACK. Stouter! I'm in training!

ANNE. Well, it doesn't improve you, whatever you're in, and if you refuse to change—

JACK. Which I certainly do!

ANNE. Then I'll go and sit with father and Aunt Susan. It quite hurts to look at you! (*Going.*) Oh! (*Picking up telegram.*) And Lucy will be at the Trocadero at 8 p.m. to-morrow.

JACK. Lucy!

CAPTAIN H. Yes. Captain Lucy. (*He takes telegram from ANNE*



[Drawn by Dudley Hardy.]

BLOOD AND MONEY.

"THE ALLUSION HOLDS IN THE EXCHANGE."—"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

at door and gives it JACK) Here you are. Miss Vereker was quite upset. She thought it was some girl.

ANNE. Some girl!

CAPTAIN H. Instead of that new pal of yours from India.

JACK. Who opened this? Who dared? (*He stands bewildered, amazed, furious.*)

CAPTAIN H. (*quietly to ANNE at door*). Come back soon. Remember, I'm going away to-morrow.

[ANNE looks with the same puzzled look at HYTHE, and goes out.]

CAPTAIN H. (*returning to divan, sits down, and lights cigarette leisurely. JACK watches him meanwhile furtively. Throwing match away and settling himself quietly among the cushions*). And now—who's Lucy?

JACK. Well, it's a funny thing, but there is a Captain Lucy—

CAPTAIN H. (*in a clear, low voice*). Won't do, Jack. I've seen you with her.

JACK. I—me—

CAPTAIN H. (*quietly*). Regent Street—three Saturdays ago. Seal-skin coat—sailor-hat—remarkably bright complexion.

JACK (*sitting down*). Oh, Hythe, I've been the most awful fool! Will you help me out?

CAPTAIN H. (*suddenly and fiercely*). No, I'll be dashed if I will! You're engaged to be married to the best girl in the world, and you've dared to forget it! No, I won't help you! Get out as best you can! (*He turns away*)

JACK. Hythe! What shall I do, then?

CAPTAIN H. (*after a pause, turns again, smoking quietly*). Go it! I was forgetting I'm "only Hythe"—eh—what? (*Laughs.*)

JACK (*quickly and eagerly*). Well, she—she—I met her first at Manchester, when I was up there playing footer. She was very pretty, and used to do the typewriting of a friend of mine. Of course, I never spoke to her except on business; that is—

CAPTAIN H. Get along!

JACK. A few months after, I had a letter from her saying her people made her life a perfect misery, and would I find a berth for her up here and shield her from them.

CAPTAIN H. Although you'd never spoken to this girl except on business!

JACK. Oh well, of course, I take a human interest in my fellow-creatures!

CAPTAIN H. Your pretty fellow-creatures. Yes; I've noticed it. (*Gravely smoking.*) And you wrote and sympathised—told her you'd do anything to help her—that your only object was to make her happy?

JACK (*rather foolishly*). Oh well, you know the sort of things you say—

CAPTAIN H. I know the sort of things *you* say. Well?

JACK. Well, she took me at my word—walked into my office next morning.

CAPTAIN H. And she's still here?

JACK. Yes, I had to find her a job or she'd have drowned herself. You see, I'm the only real friend she has in the world.

CAPTAIN H. So she tells you all her troubles?

JACK. Of course! But the point is—what's to be the end of it?

CAPTAIN H. The point is, how much are you in love with her?

JACK. In love? I'm in love with Anne!

CAPTAIN H. Does—Lucy—know that?

JACK. Of course not! Do you think I'd talk of Anne to her?

CAPTAIN H. To tell the truth, I thought you might.

JACK (*loftily*). Not that it would make any difference. It—it's not that sort of thing, you know.

CAPTAIN H. It isn't—yet! (*Rising.*) In plain English, this is how you stand: This lady is one of those ambitious people with a soul above her station. Her soul revolts at the idea of a quiet life with her home-people.

JACK. But they keep a shop—a little draper's shop! And she reads Tennyson.

CAPTAIN H. Yes. She's ambitious. She's also rather clever. She's gauged your simplicity—your rather weak good-nature—to a "T." She means to rush you into marrying her—and I wish to heaven she could succeed!

JACK (*scarcely understanding*). Marry—I— But I'm in love with Anne! I'm going to marry Anne. I've always meant to since I was a little chap. You know how I've stuck to her through all the other girls!

CAPTAIN H. You—you don't deserve to touch the ground she walks on. You mix yourself up in a squalid affair like this. You deceive her for a tawdry schemer. You lie to her—to Nan—to Nan!

JACK. What? (*It gradually dawns on him. He rises, thunder-struck*) You mean—

CAPTAIN H. (*fiercely*). Well, there's nothing to be surprised at, is there? How could I help it? How could anyone help it who's seen as much of her as I have?

JACK. You—like—Nan!

CAPTAIN H. You needn't be afraid. She thinks of you—talks of you. Hang it all! She's in love with you. I'm only an old fogey—a sort of father—a dignified old mentor—anything you like, as long as it's sufficiently uninteresting. Well, that's been my rôle all through, and I'll keep on with it. But, by Jove! I'll see you make her happy!

JACK. I will. Really, I will!

CAPTAIN H. I mean you to! (*ANNE enters at back R.C. She is coming forward; then, at HYTHE's next words, she stops and listens, horror-struck.*) Look here, I'll see this Lucy; I'll make her understand the game's up—that you're going to be married—if you'll give me your word you won't see or write to her again.

JACK. Hythe, you're the very best! What have I done that you should be so good to me?

CAPTAIN H. (*grimly*). Don't flatter yourself! Don't think I'm doing this because I care a damn for you! I'm doing it because she loves you—and I'd cut off my right hand to make her happy! I'm doing it because I love her with a love you couldn't even understand, much less feel!

[ANNE drops the book she holds deliberately on ground. Both men start round.]

ANNE (*after a pause, not moving*). I've heard every word that you've been saying, and I'm very grateful to both of you, though, perhaps, most to Jack, for he's made me see in an instant what kind of man he is—and I might—have—married him!

JACK. Hythe! Explain! Hythe can explain—everything!

ANNE. Please go. I don't want ever to see you again!

CAPTAIN H. Don't send him away like that! He is awfully sorry! It isn't as bad as you think—I can—

ANNE (*to JACK*). I mean it, Jack! I think you'd better—go!

[JACK looks at her, then goes quietly out without a word. When the door bangs, ANNE falls into a chair and bursts out crying.]

CAPTAIN H. Don't cry, little girl! It's really not so bad as it looks. He's only been silly, that's all—just silly, like most boys are some time or other. He'll come back to you and say how sorry he is, you see! Don't cry—please don't cry!

ANNE (*standing up, with her back to him*). I'm not crying—for Jack.

CAPTAIN H. Not—for—

ANNE. No; I'm crying for myself. I'm crying to think what I should have done if I hadn't been at the door just now. I'm crying to think what I should have missed if I had married Jack. I'm crying with sorrow and anger, because I've only just found out who it is that I have loved all the time!

CAPTAIN H. Nan!

ANNE. Oh, don't you understand? I think it always has been "Only Hythe"!

[He catches her in his arms.]

QUICK CURTAIN.



MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"HIDENSEEK," AT THE GLOBE.

THE title of the new piece at the Globe is disquieting to the experienced playgoer, for "Hidenseek" suggests a very obvious kind of humour. Perhaps, however, the humour of much of it was not very obvious, though certainly there were passages that amused the house. Yet, with dozens of dances, miles of shapely legs, plenty of



MISS ERMINIE EARLE, WHO PLAYS A SOUBRETTE PART IN "HIDENSEEK."

Photo by Bliss Brothers, New York.

songs, gorgeous dresses, and energetic performers, success may come, even if the book and music are but mediocre and the burlesquing of Sherlock Holmes is rather clumsy and somewhat late in the day. Perhaps one should adopt the kindly Christmas standard in relation to the piece, which, indeed, in many respects suggests pantomime. Mr. John Le Hay did most of the work and won most of the applause. Miss Cazabon, formerly one of the "stars" of the Alhambra, appeared as a singer with success, and she danced agreeably as well. In fact, the dancing is the chief feature of the affair, since in addition to Miss

Cazabon are Miss Rossel and Miss Alice Lethbridge, both of them dancers of considerable ability. Something of a "hit" was made by Miss Erminie Earle, a buxom lady from over the water, who played a soubrette part with great vigour. There was some very fair singing by members of the Company, and, although the start was not favourable, since the first-night reception was far from enthusiastic, it should be possible to turn the piece into an agreeable musical medley.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

The Bellini celebration in Rome recently was a failure, chiefly because his works have vanished from the operatic stage. Once his graceful melodies were the rage of Europe, and so continued until the production of "Puritani," after which he died in Paris in 1835. Bellini was born at Catania, Sicily, in 1801. His first operas were "Bianco e Fernando" and "Il Pirata," but his most popular works were "Norma" and "La Sonnambula." Madame Patti and Madame Albani both made their first appearance at Covent Garden in the latter opera. But Wagner is now the operatic monarch and Bellini is forgotten.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has paid a graceful tribute to the late Sir Arthur Sullivan in setting as a part-song Longfellow's verses, "God Sent His Singers upon Earth." It is a charming part-song and will be frequently heard when Sir Arthur Sullivan's genius is recalled.

M. Kocian, a Hungarian violinist only seventeen years of age, made his first appearance on the 9th inst. at St. James's Hall. He was compared with Kubelik, owing to his extraordinary executive ability. But I think Kubelik is the finer performer and likely to be the more popular. He has gone to America for a tour, being paid £20,000. It is said that



MR. J. C. PIDDOCK, WHO IS PLAYING PRINCE TIMDOT IN "HIDENSEEK."

Photo by Pickering, Leicester.

£700 must be received for each concert if the tour is to be a profitable one. Certainly, since Paganini no violinist has created such a sensation in the musical world. I heard him at his last concert at Queen's Hall and thought he played with more depth of expression than formerly.

Sacred music is not much in vogue in Italy. Even Signor Mancinelli's oratorio, "Isaias," composed for the Norwich Festival of 1887, has only just been heard in the composer's native land. It was successfully produced at the Royal Theatre, Turin, and was well received.

Our English pianists are not usually regarded with favour in Germany, but Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the gifted Royal Academy student, has had great success in Berlin.

The revival of "Iolanthe" reminded me of the good old days of the Savoy. The wit and satire of the libretto and the graceful flow of the music charmed the audience as much as they did nineteen years ago.

MR. HERMANN KLEIN,

who sailed for New York by the *Philadelphia* on Saturday last, was born at Norwich July 23, 1856. He followed the profession of musical journalism in London for a period of twenty-five years, during twenty of which he acted as musical critic of the *Sunday Times*. Mr. Klein studied singing under the famous teacher Manuel Garcia from 1874 to 1878, and six years later began to supplement his journalistic labours by teaching on his own account. In this latter branch he has met with considerable success, especially as a vocal Professor at the Guildhall School of Music, which position he held for nearly fourteen years and has only just resigned. It is with the especial view of establishing himself as a teacher of singing that Mr. Klein is now proceeding to New York. He has received many pressing invitations to settle down there, and is the bearer of letters of introduction to some of the highest families in that city. He will, however, continue to contribute letters on American music and the drama to the columns of the *Sunday Times*. On Thursday last, Mr. Hermann Klein was entertained at a farewell dinner at Prince's Restaurant, when Sir Arthur Trendell, C.M.G., presided and a large number of musical and artistic notabilities were present.

Inasmuch as *The Sketch* was one of the first journals, if not the first, to suggest that the old Adelphi's new name, the "Century," was a foolish and misleading theatre-

name for so old-established a house, it is naturally a tribute to our views to find that the name of the "Century," which has practically hidden this once-favourite playhouse away, is to presently be the "Adelphi" again.

It will, doubtless, be also gratifying to Adelphi patrons to find that Melodrama and not Musical Play is again to be the kind of entertainment there. Yes, even although the Melodrama chosen is one "made in America," and is, in point of fact, that picturesque United States drama entitled "Arizona." This play is the work of Mr. Augustus Thomas, who seems to be regarded by some journalists as quite a new "American Invader." This is, of course, not strictly accurate, seeing that he wrote that fascinating but (on this side) not financially successful drama, "Alabama," which Mr. Willard tried a few years ago at the Garrick.

At the aforesaid Garrick, *Sketch*-reading parents will find good entertainment for their offspring in the revived "Shock-headed Peter" and "The Man who Stole the Castle." The next fairy (or children's) play to be presented is "Blue-belle in Fairyland." This play, written by Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Aubrey Hopwood, and composed by Mr. Walter Slaughter, is due this very Wednesday afternoon, just after *The Sketch* has again notified you of the fact. The cast of "Blue-belle in Fairyland" is strong, including Miss Ellaline Terriss in the name-part.

The next fairy-plays to which children may be safely advised to take their parents are "Katawampus," at the Prince of Wales's, and "Gulliver's Travels," at the Avenue. Both are due for production next Monday, the 23rd inst. "Katawampus," a curious "temper-cure" tragedy, is the work of Judge Parry and Louis Calvert (both well known to Mancunians), and the "Gulliver's Travels" holiday-play has been prepared by Mr. George Grossmith junior as librettist and Mr. Augustus W. Barratt as composer—plus odd numbers by Mr. Oscar Eve.



MR. HERMANN KLEIN,

WHO HAS LEFT ENGLAND TO ESTABLISH HIMSELF AS A TEACHER OF SINGING IN NEW YORK.

Photo by Meidelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Club Badge—Is it an Armorial Bearing?—A Threatened Prosecution—Cycling and the Liver—A New Tip—On the Buying of Motor-Bicycles—An Unbreakable Joint—The Standardisation of Parts.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 18, 4.50; Thursday, 4.50; Friday, 4.51; Saturday, 4.51; Sunday, 4.52; Monday, 4.52; Tuesday, 4.53.

Most of us recall the time, in our salad cycling youth, when we were as proud of our Club badges as a hero is who has won medals in South Africa. I was turning over a drawer of old rubbish, the other day, and came across a photographic group of cyclists, and every man was wearing two, three, and sometimes six badges, rather in the manner of a champion swimmer or ventriloquist entertainer. I myself had four badges, and I noticed I was exhibiting them with a somewhat grand demeanour. But now—I don't know where a single one of those badges is. The wearing of such decorations has become an anachronism. A man would nowadays be as much in fear of the gibes of the small boy by donning a string of badges as he would be in riding an old high "ordinary." Of course, there is something regrettable about this. We must have been tremendous enthusiasts in those days and become proportionately non-enthusiastic in these later times. We were then keen on wearing Club uniform. Now we affect loose, nondescript greys that proclaim nothing except comfort.

I make these few remarks because I see that the Inland Revenue authorities have been threatening proceedings against a Leeds Cycling Club for wearing armorial bearings without a licence. It has taken the authorities, however, a good many years before thinking of this method to raise money to help and pay for the War, and, if they let as many years elapse between the threat and taking action, many of us will have got rusty in the joints and wheeling will have lost much of the delight it has now. Though the majority of us have ceased to wear the badges of our Clubs, we must admire those who cling to the old custom. But who ever dreamt that a Bicycle Club badge could be called an armorial bearing? Is it not rather straining the definition? If cyclists are going to be mulcted, what about Public Schools and Colleges? There might easily be quoted a baker's dozen of bodies who use civic arms and who have never been threatened with prosecution. There are some taxes we ought cheerfully to pay, but I fancy even the wheeling Mark Tapleys would grumble at having to pay a tax on their bicycle-badges.

A worthy cyclist who has long years of experience behind him has been declaring that cycling is no good for the liver. Well, as a man who is often painfully conscious of owning a liver, I must take exception to that statement. When we are out of sorts and sluggish, few things put us right again so quickly as a sharp bicycle-ride, and the rougher the ride the quicker we feel the benefit. What happens is that our liver gets a jolting, is pumped clean, and life ceases to be viewed with pessimistic glance. But on this point it would be unwise to exaggerate. I admit that a ride over a beautifully smooth road does little good; a brisk walk is better, and even a ride in a jolting suburban omnibus might have advantage. On the other hand, however, cycling is good for the liver, as many of us can testify. It is the last thing I have any desire to do to dogmatise on the relation of cycling to ailments, but experience counts for something and is more reliable than theory.

It might be thought that all the "hints" to cyclists were given years ago, and that there remains not a shred of new advice worth hearing. However, I came across a "hint" the other day that I have not seen before and which has its value. Here, then, is the new tip. In replacing the valve-rubber, or in fitting the valve with a new rubber, a moment's observation of one little precaution may make all the

difference between the tyre being perfectly air-tight and slightly leaky. The small rubber tubing for valves is made with a join, and it sometimes happens that when the tube is distended this join becomes slightly porous. Consequently, if the valve-rubber be placed over the valve-stem with the join in immediate contact with the hole in the valve-stem, a slight leakage may ensue. Therefore, in putting the rubber on to the stem it should be so placed that the join in the rubber does not come in contact with the hole, but is turned round on to the other side of the stem.

Reverting to the many things interesting to the wheelman and wheel-woman at the two recent Shows, I am led to allude once more to the motor-bicycle. In the future of motor-bicycling I will pin my faith. In purchasing, however, there are one or two things to be well remembered. In some quarters there is a disposition to fasten motors on ordinary-built machines. Such motors should be avoided. A much stronger-built frame than the usual one is wanted to bear the strain of a motor. Another thing is that the motor itself should be placed low in the frame. A third is that it is advisable to have a removable band, so that, when your machine breaks down, all you have to do is to pedal with the additional weight and not have to engage your strength in uselessly working the motor-gear.

Most of the well-known firms made a very excellent display this year. I was particularly attracted to the Raleigh Stand. Nothing is more important than the proper brazing of parts, and it was interesting

to discover that the Raleigh Company have a secret process by which all the parts usually brazed together by fire are, after a certain preparation, simply dipped into molten brass. This assures a perfect and unbreakable joint without damaging the steel by overheating, which is a common cause of breakage in the ordinary fire-brazing process.

Some of us have been urging for years there should be standardisation of parts. It is all very well for each maker to have his own standard, but it is often very inconvenient to the tourist. We have probably all had experience of a breakdown, taking our machine to a repairer's and finding that, although he may have hundreds of parts, he has not one suitable to the particular machine. It is therefore good news that the War Office has made a

stipulation that all Army cycles must conform to the "B.S.A." standards. The Cycle Engineers' Institute has had the matter in hand, and their suggestion as to uniform screw-threads has been adopted by the Humber, Raleigh, Premier, Crypto, Referee, and other big firms. But we want something else besides uniformity in screw-threads. We want the crank-cottors, pedal-pins, chain-bolts, brake-blocks, and nuts to be interchangeable. A fixed standardisation in these parts would not in any way interfere with the designs of machines, but undoubtedly be a boon to tourists.

J. F. F.

MISS MARGARET FRASER.

On this page I have much pleasure in giving a very attractive photograph of Miss Margaret Fraser—well known to audiences at Daly's Theatre and the Gaiety for her beauty and refined methods of acting—on her motor-car. Interviewed recently in *The Sketch*, Miss Fraser was lamenting the fact that, although she wanted to dance, and believed she could dance, she did not get an opportunity of dancing. I now hear that she has been engaged to appear in "Blue-belle in Fairyland," the fairy-piece for Christmas at the Vaudeville, in which she will illustrate in a descriptive dance the yacht-race for the America Cup. I congratulate Miss Fraser on the fact that she will at last have the opportunity which she has so long desired and of which I am sure she is very capable of taking full advantage. By the way, I suppose that during these days of busy rehearsal the motor has to remain in its shed. What a pity that Mr. Seymour Hicks cannot write a motor into the Vaudeville play!



MISS MARGARET FRASER ON HER MOTOR.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

D. Maher. Danny Maher, the popular American jockey who will ride for His Majesty the King during the Coronation year when the weight suits, is very popular even among his brother-jockeys, some of whom, by-the-bye, are jealous of his successes. Maher could go to scale at eight stone, but he must not waste hard, as he has a weak chest. In appearance, Maher is a mere youth, clean-



JAMES BRAID, THE GOLF CHAMPION.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield.

shaven and dark. He looks well in the saddle; that is, when the horse is walking. Of course, many of the old stagers object to the Yankee crouch which he adopts in racing. He is, without a doubt, one of the best horsemen in England, and in his finishes he is second only to Tod Sloan, whom I hope to see riding in England again next year. Maher, by-the-bye, has had his lucky and his unlucky days, and several of the big plungers came badly undone when he lost on Ard Patrick and Revenue during the one afternoon at Newmarket. On the other hand, some of his best riding has been seen on the Rowley Mile course, and in this connection I may add that, in my opinion, the wind has little to do with the big scores made by Yankee jockeys at Newmarket. The wide track and the absence of boring and bumping at Newmarket give the American jockeys a fine chance at headquarters which is often denied them at other meetings.

"Lumberers." It is a pity means could not be devised to rid the Turf of the "lumberers."

I refer to the scoundrels who go about seeking for young, inexperienced men of wealth to put them on to wrong 'uns. The "lumberers" and sharps should be well known to the ring-keepers, who ought to keep them off our racecourses. It is necessary to warn young men—or old ones, for the matter of that—against taking the unasked-for advice of any stranger, however well-dressed, on the course. The "lumberer" often opens up the conversation by asking the loan of a pencil; then he pretends to mark the good thing on his own card and proceeds to impart the secret to his neighbour. The conversation, once started, leads to no end of possibilities, but the result generally brings loss upon the innocent believer in anything that is told to him by a good-looking, neatly dressed stranger—"a friend of the owner," of course. I contend that matters could be so regulated on the Turf that no sort of robbery would be possible, and, while the smart racegoers are able to take care of themselves, the powers that be should take it on themselves to protect the innocent ones. By-the-bye, what do all the detectives go racing for? Echo answers—"What?"

A Suggestion. I suggest to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that it is their duty in all cases when a plunger has lost big sums on the Turf to find out the names of the horses over which the money has been lost and to go through their form. I once mentioned the fact of experiencing a long run of inexplicable ill-luck with my "Naps," only to discover, six months later, that two Peers of the Realm had been plunging heavily on them daily, and, so long as the plunge lasted, nary a winner came my way. Of course, all this could easily be put down to that darkest of dark horses, Coincidence, but the joke became a bit monotonous after the first three weeks. It is hardly necessary for me to repeat that when I "Nap" a horse it is because my touts have passed him as being fit and well. His book-form is taken into consideration, of course; but condition is everything, and a good tout not only knows all about his particular fancy, but he has the form at his finger-ends of the other nineteen engaged in the race. And it is for the want of this particular knowledge that owners come undone so often.

The Classics. Huggins apparently holds the key to the One Thousand Guineas, as he could win with either Game Chick or the Abeyance filly, although many fancy Sterling Balm for the Epsom event. For the Two Thousand Guineas it seems useless to look beyond Duke of Westminster, who ought also to win the Derby. His Majesty the King has Pole-Carew engaged in the two races named, but the son of Persimmon ran badly as a two-year-old. He is, however, perfectly

sound and looks like a mover, and I hope R. Marsh will be able to win a good race with him. I hope His Majesty will run him, at least, in the Derby, by which time he may have improved out of all knowledge. The fancied goods for the Derby are Duke of Westminster, Minstead, Ard Patrick, Csardas, Port Blair, Brother to Wildfowler, and Royal Lancer. I think Ard Patrick will prove to be the best of Darling's. Snowberry and King's Linner are engaged in the Two Thousand, but not in the Derby. The last-named, who is owned by Lord Durham, is said to be very smart. He is a son of Raeburn. This horse must not be confused with Flying Lemur, who belongs to the Duke of Westminster. Flying Lemur is engaged in the Two Thousand and Derby, but John Porter is hardly likely to have advised the purchase of the colt Duke of Westminster by Mr. Faber had Flying Lemur come up to the Kingsclere standard of excellence.

Cross-Country Jockeys.

Writing from memory, it was about eight years back that I first agitated in *The Sketch* for the starting of a fund by the National Hunt Committee to provide for jockeys meeting with serious accidents. After all these years, Lord Rendlesham has taken the matter up and my early dream is to be fulfilled. Mark you, I do not believe in anything savouring of a pauperising influence, and I think the jockeys should be called upon to pay into the fund. I mean, of course, those who are in a position to do so. On the other hand, those too poor to do so should not be barred from its benefits, and the National Hunt Committee could follow in this respect the example of those who run the Newspaper Press Fund.

A Study.

A friend of mine, a "littery gent" of high standing, attended a Bicycle Club Dinner at the Crystal Palace a few nights back, and he went into raptures over the eloquence of the Chairman. My friend's words to me were: "He made the most perfect Chairman I have sat under for years. His delivery was perfect, his eloquence tip-top, and his manner charming." When I told him the Chairman referred to was none other than Mr. R. H. Fry, the big penciller, he would not believe me, because Mr. Fry had gone through the whole evening without giving his occupation away. Well, I have travelled in a train with him for fifty miles to a race-meeting and never heard him mention the name of a racehorse. On the other hand, he will spin out yards of eloquent speech on the scenery of Devonshire, laying special stress on that to be seen round Lynton and Lynmouth.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE GOLF CHAMPION.

Scotland has reason to be grateful to James Braid, who holds the Golf Championship, for he has restored to her the position which her players have not held since 1893. If there is one thing more strongly marked in his play than another, it is the effect of temperament, which is supposed to, and probably does, colour the relation of everyone towards his life-work. The open-air life which is incidental to the prosecution of the game is bound to put all nerves in a good condition, and his nerves are seemingly always in the pink of perfection, so that his play is consistently steady. If ever the value of nerves and temperament were shown, it was in the Championship match at Muirfield during the summer, for, though Braid began badly, he soon pulled himself together and gave as fine an exhibition as has been seen on any links since the game received the stamp of fashion.

POINTER PUPPIES.

Mrs. Horner's pointer puppies not only make a pretty picture, but seem fully conscious of the fact. It would seem as though diminutive dogs were to be one of the fashionable crazes of the twentieth century. Time was when "the doggy lady" was looked at with some suspicion and dislike; now every smart woman who respects herself makes a point of becoming as quickly as may be a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association, and as many beauties may be seen at even the smallest of the "L.K.A." Shows as at a Duchess's ball or a fashionable bazaar.



MRS. HORNER'S POINTER PUPPIES.

Photo by Salmon and Batcham, New Bond Street, W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

At the Blackfriars end of Queen Victoria Street the plate and jewellery establishment of Messrs. Spiers and Pond offers a seductive object-

lesson to the passer-by. Every novelty, both home-produced and foreign, is gathered together in the ample space provided, and the moderate prices charged are especially instructive to those whose knowledge extends abroad, whether in the Rue de la Paix, Broadway, or the Prater. One hardly expects, in fact, to find such exquisite and novel designs in jewellery and *objets d'art* with a firm which was primarily famous for the excellence of its catering and provisions generally; but it is one more instance of what judicious supervision and enterprise will accomplish, for the finest reproductions of the goldsmith's



NEW JEWELLERY AT SPIERS AND POND'S.
NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.

or gem-setter's art are displayed here at palpably modest rates of value, a cause which has, no doubt, operated in making the increasing amount of business done by Spiers and Pond's Jewellery Department. The few illustrations of their latest novelties which appear on this page are selected at random from amongst fifty other fascinating novelties appropriate to Christmas *cadeaux*. There is a small puff-box for chatelaine or neck-chain or bangle in hammered gold, inlaid with fine rubies and diamonds, for £7 18s. 6d.; a bunch of thirteen charms in gold and precious stones for £4 15s.; some pearl-and-diamond bracelets of particularly good design and moderate price; a dainty necklet composed of a fringe of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls; gold opera-glasses, jewelled in a floral design with rubies and diamonds, for £40; and a graceful spray of gold and ruby flowers in brooch-form for £4. Besides all this, the new Art Decoration in vases, jewel-trays, and all kinds of fanciful devices is liberally displayed; and in the "Fancy" Department Christmas crackers in unending variety include such novelties as monster crackers containing twelve sorts of toys for such modest sums as two shillings each. Then there are electrical novelties for table-decoration, electric travelling-lamps, and other new departures, even to electric hair-ornaments, which appeal to the unending taste for novelty. Many unique designs besides in artistic bronzes have been applied as electric-lamps and are of a highly decorative order. In fact, to sufficiently appreciate them, a visit to Queen Victoria Street should, whenever feasible, be promptly undertaken.

The cheerful premonitory symptoms of festive Christmas are nowhere more pleasantly

apparent than in the magnificent establishment of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company at 112, Regent Street. On all sides objects of beauty and value are exhibited for the consideration of the benevolent and well-bestowed, from jewels of price to the silver thimble of elegant industry. In the former connection, it is not possible to speak with too much praise of the magnificent collection of jewels brought together for the consideration of the wealthy. No millionaire need go empty away, no matter how ambitious his extravagance, and, indeed, I saw two or three of that enviable fraternity pleasantly employed with the purchase of thousand-guinea tiaras and other inconsiderable trifles of the sort some days ago, with an appreciativeness which said worlds for the discrimination of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, for millionaires, look you, however fastidious and reckless, also have a nice taste in values and do not commonly agree to "part" without getting a full equivalent for their outlay.

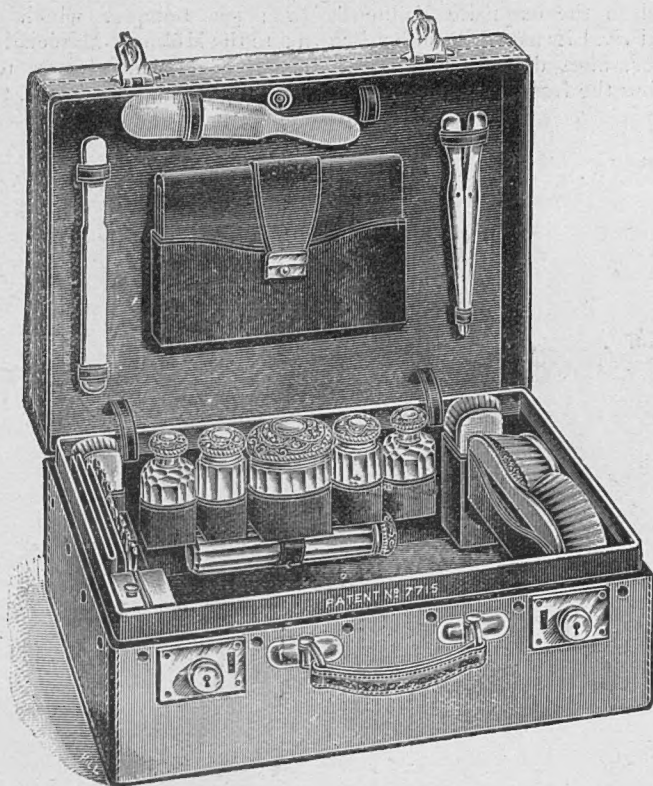
In the department of silver-ware this firm excels. From presentation bowls and aldermanic trophies worthy all traditions of Gargantuan greediness and the environment of calipash and calipee, even unto the ordinary commerce of the silver frame or tobacco-bowl with which we solace fond friends at Christmas, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company command an unexampled exhibition, and a few samples of their workmanship displayed here, though well expressed, necessarily represent but meagrely the long roll-call of alluring objects spread forth on review. It behoves, therefore, those who can to visit 112, Regent Street, while for those who cannot the case is amply met by the Company, who will forward, at *their own risk* and without any obligation to purchase, a selection of suitable articles for Christmas presents—an arrangement which surely carries trading to the highest point of generous responsiveness yet achieved.

The new Strand improvements have blotted out many interesting landmarks of Georgian history, and, indeed, some of the ancient houses recently razed to the ground are said to have harboured rats and mice and other riverside traditions from the days of Queen Anne herself. A few comparatively recent erections remain, however, as witnesses of the old order and the new. And of these the well-known house of S. Fisher, at the corner of Arundel Street, remains to tell the tale, though it has stood, or, at all events, been established, since early in the 'thirties of the last century. At 188, Strand, a great show of novelties



SEASONABLE PRESENTS IN SILVER SKETCHED AT THE GOLDSMITHS COMPANY'S, REGENT STREET, W.

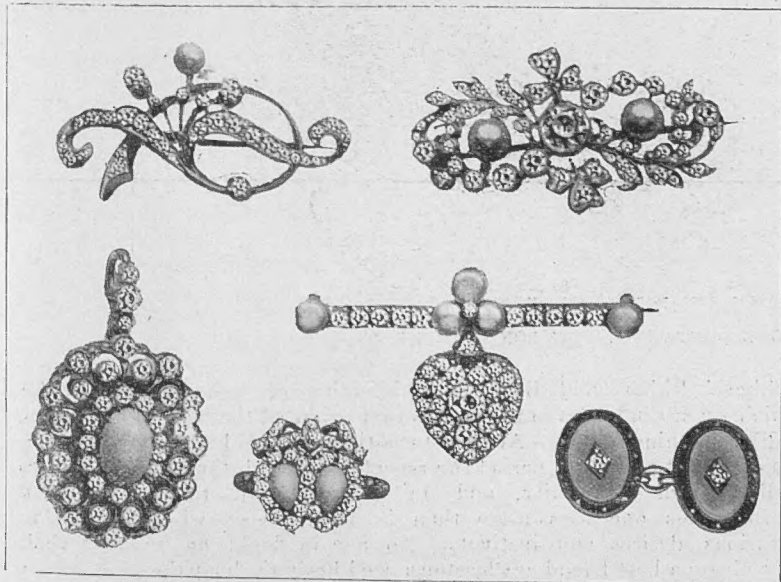
for Christmas has, as usual, been prepared, in silver, bronze, and other materials. Luncheon- and tea-baskets are on view, brass caskets of Nuremberg, dressing-cases and bags variously, one especially clever invention amongst the former being the introduction of a secret jewel-case in the lid of a silver-fitted "week-end" bag, the existence of which



THE "ANGLESEY" BAG AT FISHER'S, STRAND.

no one not cognisant of its presence could suspect. The spring-lock which closes up this flat, velvet-lined jewel-box in the lid is covered over by a silver shoe-lift, which makes part of the fittings, as will be noticed by inspection of the accompanying illustration. This bag is called the "Anglesey," very aptly, and certainly, if that much secretarial and valeted young man had owned a similar device he would not have to mourn the loss of so many cherished baubles. In the silver-ware I noticed a string-box of good antique design as a novelty. The price was under fifty shillings, and it was exceptionally well made and finished.

J. W. Benson, Limited, of Bond Street and Ludgate Hill, have inaugurated the departure in the jeweller's industry that Norman and Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, have accomplished in the furniture trade, and that the *Times* has, moreover, adopted in literature, namely, the system of deferred payment for the upper classes. Some dainty examples of jewellery, specially prepared for Christmas, are set forth on this page. All these, as well as more costly examples, may be had on the instalment system, and can be viewed at Benson's of Bond Street, whose shop-window blaze of precious stones quite enlivens that classic region at the moment, as well as at 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, which is the City establishment of this well-known firm. This same system of monthly payments has been put into practice with so much success for the supply of watches and jewels that the firm has now decided to supply travelling-bags and suit-cases of costly fittings and manufacture on the same principle, a special guide to purchasers being issued from both Ludgate Hill and Bond Street on application.



DAINTY EXAMPLES OF JEWELLERY AT BENSON'S, NEW BOND STREET, W.

I notice that Messrs. Oetzmann, whose place in Hampstead Road is generally looked upon as a head-centre for good, cheap, and low-priced furniture, have now added to their various departments that of the silversmith, and are at the moment retailing silver hair-brushes and electro-plated tea-kettles as an additional attraction to their bazaar, so that those who go furnishing may also go burnishing at the same market. Besides the silver-ware and novelties variously, Oetzmann's are showing a few departures in furniture, notably a useful sort of oak settle with rising back. The price is moderate, and the settle would, doubtless, make a welcome present to many young couples "about to furnish," instead of the usual banalities which it is the custom to bestow as Christmas or wedding gift.

We can all subscribe to the dictum that the pen is mightier than the sword, although the latter implement has been more than ordinarily hard-worked in the service of the Empire lately. Anyone having an acquaintance with the "Swan" Fountain Pen, which Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard have domesticated in our midst, will, however, acknowledge its superiority over any previous pen ever invented, from stylus to goose quill. At 93, Cheapside, or the Regent Street branch, No. 95A, the Fountain Pen may be seen in all its phases, from the useful black-and-gold at half-a-guinea even to gold and jewelled specimens which so invitingly remind one that Christmas is near and that a "Swan" Fountain Pen is a present suitable to every age, sex, and condition. How often one is puzzled as to the most appropriate souvenir for a particular friend, whether man or lady! Yet here is an article which would grace any occasion and unfailingly bring gratitude in its recipient. A safe rule, therefore, is, when in doubt, try a "Swan" Fountain Pen, with



ELECTRO-PLATED TEA-KETTLE.

SILVER HAIR-BRUSH.

NOVELTIES AT OETZMANN'S,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.



"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN AT MABIE, TODD, AND BARD'S, CHEAPSIDE.

apologies to Mr. Punch for the paraphrase. The example shown here is especially suited to Christmas *cadeaux*.

There is a tradition in France that, with the beginning of an acquaintance, it is permissible to send a lady flowers, and that the bridge between acquaintanceship and mere acquaintanceship may be bridged over by chocolate and perfume, but that a diamond or ruby marks the point where regard ripens into ardour. So far, so good! At the moment, I am employed in the consideration of the second class, and to such may recommend the magnificent boxes of chocolate specially prepared by Fry, of Bristol, for this season's festive occasions and presentations. All sorts of interesting sizes, down to the Christmas-tree hamper at sixpence, are obtainable from any and every grocer almost, and, although previous years have seen very high flights of Messrs. Fry's invention and ingenuity, the present may be said to have broken even their honourable record. Besides the boxes of chocolate, from Lilliputian to Gargantuan, a few of the firm's specialities should particularly be named. The Pure Concentrated Cocoa, for instance, which is unrivalled as nutriment, Fry's Milk Chocolate, Chocolate Almonds, the superfine "Alexandra" Chocolate, and a dozen other varieties. It is in the various fancy caskets and ribbon-tied boxes of Fry's delicious confections that most interest will be felt at this time of year, and, gorgeous as the external decorations of these boxes are, their contents are in every way worthy the high reputation which Fry of Bristol has worthily built up.

If cleanliness counts next to godliness on Mount Olympus, the inventor of Scrubb's Fluid Ammonia would have been *persona grata* in ancient mythology. For that invaluable fluid cleans everybody and everything with which it is brought into contact in the most amazingly comprehensive way. How the kitchen quarters or the plate-cupboard was negotiated before Scrubb visited the servants' hall must ever remain

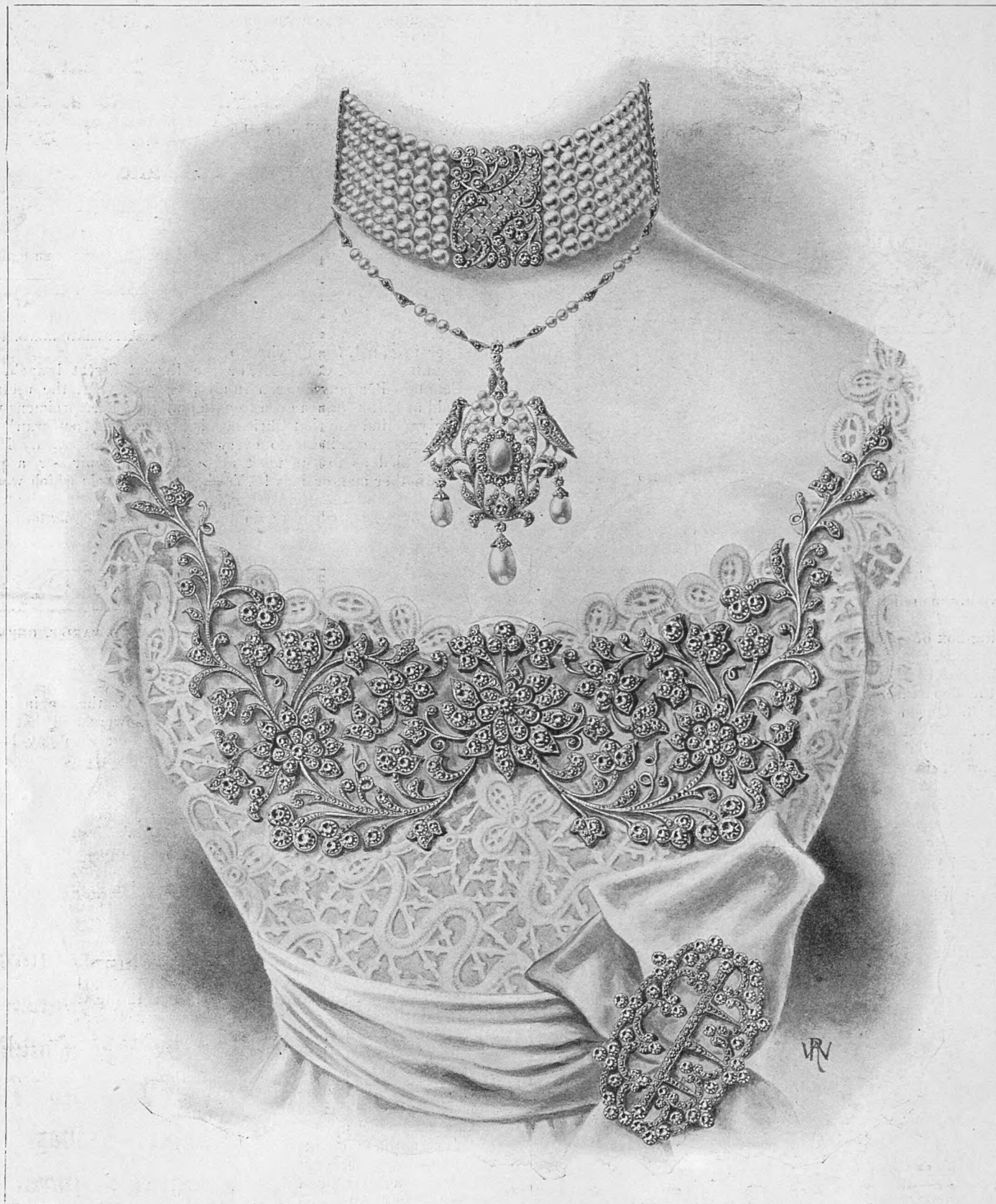


A BOX OF FRY'S CHOCOLATE

unanswered to those who know its cleansing arts; while in the bath Scrubb's satisfying fluid adds one luxury to another. Scrubb's Scentless Soap Tablet is a production of no less value, its action on the skin being especially beneficial. Those, therefore, who would make a practical and pleasant Christmas present can be recommended to try the handsome boxes of four bottles of Fluid Ammonia and two of Soap Tablets especially put up with which to rejoice their friends at this present-giving season.

I should like to draw attention to the miracles of artistic gem-setting which the Parisian Diamond Company display in their several

with it a pleasant suggestion of pleasant sights and scents which peculiarly appeal to refined womankind. It is from here that the world-famous Mühlhens' Rhine Violet Perfume first issued forth to an appreciative generation an essence whose immediate success gave rise to so many ineffectual imitations, for the secret of its manufacture has never been discovered. The "4711 Dépôt," too, has stood sponsor in England to the exquisite Mühlhens' Malmaison Bouquet, which is the only real rival its name-flower has known; to the Mühlhens' Maréchal Niel, moreover, most delicate and refined of essences, which gives to our wardrobes the fresh sweetness of a rosary in June; and, lastly, to the



ARTISTIC GEM-SETTING AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S, NEW BOND STREET, W.

shops this season, and which practically outdistance all competition by the originality of design and excellence of workmanship which set them apart. The diamond tiara need no longer be an unaccomplished dream to her who covets it, seeing how varied are the patterns and reasonably modest the Company's prices. Splendid corsage-ornaments, diamond-clasped collars, aigrettes of most graceful design, brooches in all forms, from classic to Louis Quinze, and all the smaller objects with which toilette is enhanced are to be seen on all sides. The Company's new and very gorgeous shop at the Bond Street end of Burlington Arcadia is, on its own account, worth a special visit. It is a fittingly exquisite shrine for the exquisite objects it holds.

The "4711 Dépôt," at 62, New Bond Street, is a phrase that carries

Mühlhens' Rhine Gold Bouquet, a decoction of seductive scents for which we are indebted to the genius that invented that Queen of Odours, Mühlhens' Rhine Violet. At Christmas-time the "4711 Dépôt" becomes more than at any other period the receptacle of all that chiefly allures well-cared-for femininity, and in a brief visit to its perfumed surroundings one sees more than in most places which appeals to luxurious desires and instincts. No one in doubt as to what shall best please a best friend at Christmas need hesitate about the productions of the "4711 Dépôt." Among a large selection are manicure-cases in every grade from 15s. upwards, scent-sprays in an unending variety, and oval cut-glass decanters of tall, elegant shape, filled with the famous "4711 Eau de Cologne," at one guinea each.

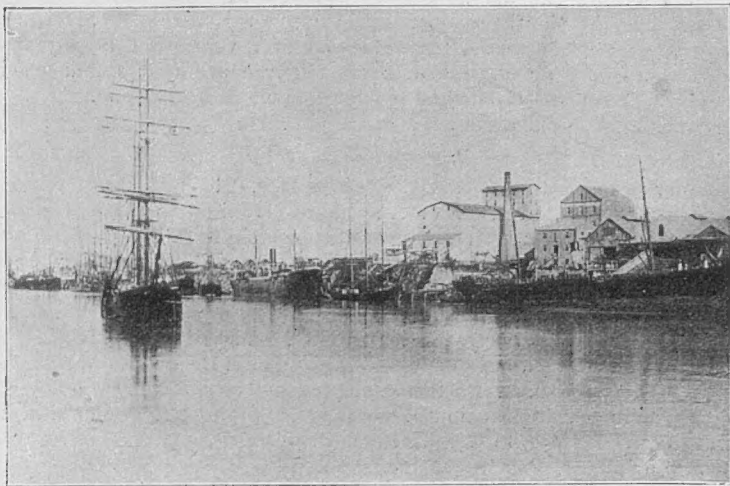
SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on December 27.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

FOR a day or so the Stock Exchange made a pretence of business over the Settlement, only in most cases there was nothing, or next to nothing, to settle, and, all things considered, it was, perhaps, as well that it should be so. How very dead-alive things are and how unresponsive the public can be is evidenced by the National Telephone issue, of which underwriters got eighty-nine per cent., and



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: GRANARIES, FROM THE RIVER.

from now till over the New Year it is pretty clear that money will be dear and no Stock Exchange business worth speaking about doing.

From Buenos Ayres we are receiving the most alarmist cables, but we do not believe in Chili pushing matters to the extreme of war. She has too many enemies nearer home to make the game worth the candle. The real danger is that both Republics will spend far more than they can afford on warships and suchlike luxuries which they could well do without.

HOME RAILS.

Some of our correspondents appear to have quite misunderstood our note of the 27th ultimo on the future of Home Rails, and to fancy that we intended them to understand that within a few years the Ordinary stocks of our big lines would be practically wiped out. We need hardly say that we never meant to make any such statement, but merely to point out that, if within the next few years the Companies were obliged to replace steam traction by electricity, the cost of such a change would make the position of the Ordinary stocks most precarious. We did not say that this revolution *will* come about, although many people think it probable. It appears to us that the change is most likely to be of a gradual nature, if it ever comes, and to extend over many years; but, even so, the additional capital requirements of the big lines must be considerable, and the future earning power of money spent on things which will then have become obsolete extremely doubtful.

While there is no need for immediate panic, the position of the Omnibus Companies to-day is, perhaps, an object-lesson of what may be the position of the Railway Companies ten years hence.

It is easy to prophesy unpleasant things, as a correspondent remarks, but what do we advise? Of course, a great deal depends on the circumstances of each case, but for the class of person who wants a fixed income there can be no doubt that, in many cases, the wisest course is to sell the Ordinary stocks and re-invest in some of the prior charges, from which the same yield as upon the showing of the last twelve months has been derived from the Ordinary can be obtained.

Take the Great Western, merely by way of example, and call the price of Ordinary stock 135. The dividend for the last two half-years has been 4 per cent., and for the last four half-years $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In other words, the stock has yielded 3 per cent or £3 3s. 6d. per cent. to the holder, while the 5 per cent. Rent-charge stock will at 162 give a return of £3 2s. 6d., and the 5 per cent. Consolidated Preference at 158 a return of £3 4s. per cent. Of course, if times improve, the Ordinary would increase in value more than the Preference stocks, but, all things considered, we should prefer to receive our income from the more certain source, and it appears an anomaly that prices should be what they are. If any reader will work out the figures of the other big lines, he will find equally striking examples.

THE ARGENTINE-CHILIAN QUARREL.

Were it not for the horrors of war, we should say it would be a good thing that Chili should fight her larger neighbour, and have the quarrel settled once and for all. It might not suit the books of speculators to have everything arranged between the two countries, but investors would certainly welcome the change, and those who are holders of securities in either country are now passing through a decidedly uncomfortable period. It is very questionable whether the fall, in Argentine Bonds, at all events, has not been overdone, and we should

certainly say that the depression in the Railway stocks has been carried far enough. Central Argentine and Buenos Ayres and Rosario have fallen sharply from the levels they reached after the announcement of the splitting scheme, but on a reasonable basis Central Argentine stock does not look dear at 120. To that price we expect to see the quotation advance, although, in the present perturbed state of politics, it may not be attained while the stock is in its existing condition. The new security of the combined systems, now at about 64, is a distinctly good lock-up and one that can be safely recommended to the speculative investor.

To the courtesy of the Central Argentine Railway we are indebted for the views of the Company's granaries and wharves which we reproduce this week.

THE TWO AFRICAN MARKETS.

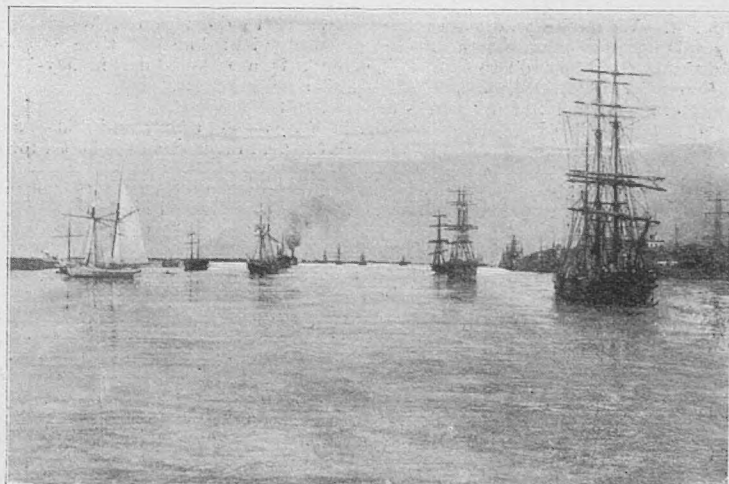
After the Jungle, the Kaffir Circus. The former market is by no means as absolutely dead as the cartoon now circulating in its midst would have us think, and while we wish every success to the comical picture of the Jungle displayed as a cemetery—proceeds of sale of cartoon to be handed to a fund for Children's Christmas Dinners—we recognise a latent spark of vitality in West Africans which might easily be fanned into a flame. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how the Stock Exchange could run a couple of buoyant mining markets at the same time. The Sansu crushing and Mr. Chamberlain's have suppressed all lively interest in the market for some time to come, and the fearless declaration of the Akropong engineer, stating the concession to be valueless, has caused heart-searching in many directions. Had other experts followed the same outspoken policy a year ago, we might have had a flourishing Jungle Market by this time, but now the good and the bad stand condemned together. Akropong shares—"Ping-Pongs," as the market has always called them—have naturally dropped to nothing, and there are only too many partly-paid shares in the market which sellers would pay to have taken off their hands in order to be relieved of the liability.

Kaffirs are in a state of incipient boom. While the professionals are "up to their eyes" in business, the average broker is not receiving many more orders than usual, though the general conditions of trade are certainly broadening. The large buying orders come chiefly from Cape people and from the Continent, Paris in particular. Since the Johannesburg "Chains" are to be opened almost immediately (which opens out a new prospect of business, the Stock Exchanges of London and Johannesburg sending each other a large amount of trade in past years), and permission to re-start crushing is being given to fresh Companies every week, the likelihood of a boomlet grows day by day. Cautious individuals say that the mines must all want more money before long, and that early dividends are but *ballons d'essai* to try the public's appetite for Kaffirs. Yet, if the public mean to have South Africans, it will take stronger considerations than these to restrain them, and, with a free market again, we have no hesitation in pointing out East Rand, Wolhuter, Geduld, and Barnato Consolidated as good speculations.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The week before Christmas is not, as a rule, the time in which to talk about business. Those bustling crowds that constitute at once so great a charm and so great a nuisance in the streets of London Town are more intent upon other people's pleasure than their own affairs. The Post Office turns over twice as many charitable appeals as letters of affairs. I do not know what other professions receive in the way of begging-letters, but those which we get in the Stock Exchange are simply overwhelming. There is always one every day; as a rule, there are more, and such a lot are on behalf of children, for whom it is well known that the House has a peculiarly warm spot in its heart. Besides the outside appeals, there are our own funds claiming attention—the Working Boys' Home, for instance, which is practically supported by Stock Exchange contributions, and in whose Annual Report, lately issued, graceful reference is made to *The Sketch*. I have never been able to understand how it is that this most deserving Home does not receive that cordial and strenuous support which Stock Exchange charities generally meet with: it must be simply that its claims are put forward with most unusual modesty. But every single member ought to pay at least his guinea a-year with ready enthusiasm for the excellent work being done by the Directors of the Home. Nor are outsiders exempt from their responsibility in the matter.



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: GENERAL VIEW OF RIVER.

The newly issued Colonials are going ahead in so vigorous a way as to fully justify the remarks made upon that section in these columns when comparisons have been instituted between Home Railway pre-Ordinary securities and Colonial loans ranking as Trustee stocks. The advance, however, is, in my lowly opinion, far from having reached a stop. Most of the new 3 per cent. loans—which are, in several instances, equivalent to the previous issues of like denomination—are worth 98 as a minimum, and to that figure it is more than probable that New South Wales, New Zealand, and perhaps Natal Threes will gradually approximate. In normal days they would readily command par, but, as has been said before, these are not normal days, and the Trustee investor growls if he does not get 3 per cent. at least on his money.

Curiously coincidental is it that the Yankee boom should have commenced to break just as a revival in Kaffirs looms on the immediate horizon. It is a House tradition that two booms cannot run concurrently in the Stock Exchange, but, considering that the American Market has been all along dependent entirely upon New York for its demand—London furnishing the supply—the slackening of interest in its stocks is a pure coincidence. Quite possibly, of course, the Yankee boomlet may break out again, although it seems to me that such a thing is wildly improbable. But I preached a fall in Americans long before it took place, and when prices were at much lower levels than they afterwards attained, and so I sing *piano* over Yankees. Still, if my Mother had any, I should advise her to sell them now, and what can I say more than that?

There is a beautiful little story being told of a jobber in one of the Railway Markets who prides himself upon his familiarity with the Gallic tongue. To him the other day repaired a broker who wanted to sell a certain Preference stock, the price of which is about 90, with no buyers. The jobber, without mentioning a quotation, explained that there was no market in the stock, and offered to negotiate any business that might be left to him. "But can't you make me a price straight out in a couple of thou?" asked the broker. "Pas de tout, Monsieur, pas de tout," replied the linguist. "Sell you £2000 at par," returned the broker, booking the bargain. "Par to 2 is a wide price, but, under the circumstances, I don't mind giving you a turn." *Tableau!*

The Kaffir Circus is gathering together its many-limbed members as though it contemplated a fresh upward bound which should put all previous rises in the cold shade. The worst of it is, we have seen the Kaffir Market pull itself together so often on previous occasions that one feels a little bit uncertain as to the ultimate result of the operation, the former false starts having shaken one's confidence and hopes of a sustained strength. Readers of *The Sketch* who have laid in Kaffirs cheaply when that course was here suggested have in many cases got good profits now, and it is exceedingly hard to know the best course to pursue with regard to taking those profits or running them. Myself, I strongly lean to the conservative, cowardly policy of selling half one's shares when a profit accrues and allowing the other half to run. The theoretical arguments against such a method of procedure are as obvious as the practical acting upon it is frequently successful. The investment of money might certainly be changed if anything cheaper could be found, and the pursuit of Deep-Level shares is now deserving of close attention. Outcrops are standing at prices quite sufficiently high, and only a very strong public demand would justify an expectation of their going higher. Deep-Levels, much more highly speculative as they are, will attract attention from that very fact. I am told that Glen Deep, Wit Deep, Rand Victoria, and Simmer East are all excellent examples of their own class for enhanced values, and Bonanzas, despite the mine's short life, are worth holding. New Primrose, which is to start crushing in a few weeks' time, is one of the Barnato group, and, therefore, subject to the prejudice that clings round that circle, a prejudice which, so far as New Primrose is concerned, appears to me absurd.

The course of Copper securities is so much concerned with the Money Market in New York and the position in Paris that the actual supply of and demand for the metal takes something of a back-seat. Yet, after all is said, done, and conceived, it is the supply and demand which will regulate the future of the shares, since the Amalgamated Company cannot rule the market for ever, even supposing that it rules it now, which is highly doubtful. Seeing that copper must be wanted more and more every year that witnesses greater activity in the world of electricity, it is not unreasonable to assume that the Rio Tinto and other Copper Companies will have little difficulty for many years in finding a ready market for their production so long as they can turn out their stuff at market prices. I am inclined to fancy that the strong man who takes his courage in one hand and Rio Tintos in the other will make much money by the keeping of the twain, even though he has to wait, perhaps, many months. To get in at the lowest is the *er—sumum bonum* in the eyes of many people, but to do so is almost impossible, and the courageous man who is likely to make money, recognising this, buys when he thinks things are cheap. And so I boldly say, Buy Rio Tinto to-day, not Anacondas. The latter mine is now controlled by Americans, and no accounts are published.

This is the last time I shall be seen talking to the majority of you before the festive season is upon us, and, therefore, I trust that its prematurity may be forgiven for the sake of the most cordial sincerity with which the wishes for "A Very Merry Christmas" are now offered to his readers by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Dec. 14, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

SKETCH.—We advise you not to have anything to do with the Water shares; there is no price and no market. The prospectus issued a short time ago was a most unsatisfactory document. The Bank is a bill-of-sale, money-lending concern. You will be foolish if you deposit money with it.

COXEN.—Your letter was fully answered on the 9th inst.

HANOVER.—The Insurance Company is of very good repute and first-class.

G. B.—The less dealings you have with the firm in question the better for you, in our opinion.

WANDERER.—The amount the liquidator offers is very small. Can you prove that the assets of the Company which were handed over to the reconstructed affair are of more value than the price offered, multiplied by the total number of shares? If so, demand arbitration.

E. F. G.—Before you see this answer you will have had your notice of meeting.

C. B.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst.

A. J. W.—We have received your two letters. The Mysore Company paid 13s. 6d. a share in 1900, and has paid 9s. 6d. this year, so far. The Champion Reef paid 13s. in 1900, and 14s this year. Both mines are looking well and have heavy reserves of developed ore. All Entertainment shares are highly speculative. We prefer Empire of the two you name.

E. N.—(1) The Oil shares are, in our opinion, a vulgar Yankee swindle, and we advise you to have nothing to do with them. (2) The Gas shares are a sound investment.

A. T.—It is very possible that the stock may for a time go better; but, with the coming increase of electric railways and trams, the future of the Company is not too promising.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PARIS AT CHRISTMAS.

THE Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, *vid* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Express Day Service on Tuesday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the Express Night Service on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

INTENDING VISITORS TO PARIS

should also note the arrangements made by the Northern Railway of France and the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. Travelling by this route, passengers have the advantage of a very short, easy journey, which takes only about sixty minutes. There are four quick services daily, *vid* Dover and Calais and *vid* Boulogne and Folkestone.

Special cheap excursions will leave

WATERLOO STATION

as under: On Saturday and Tuesday, Dec. 21 and 24, to Andover, Salisbury, Yeovil, Crewkerne, Axminster, Honiton, Exeter, Exmouth, Plymouth, Devonport, Barnstaple, Holsworthy, Bude, Bodmin, &c., returning Dec. 26 (night) or 29; to Marlborough, Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Chard, Seaton, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 28. On Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, Dec. 21, 23, and 24, to Paris for fourteen days or less. On Monday, Dec. 23, to Guernsey and Jersey for fifteen days or less. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Basingstoke, Brockenhurst, Gosport, Portsmouth, &c., for two, three, or four days; to Christchurch, Bournemouth, Swanage, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c., returning Dec. 26; to Highbridge, Bridgwater, Bath, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 28.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (South-Eastern and Chatham), Victoria (South-Eastern and Chatham), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (Great Northern), &c., as follows: Tuesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, for three or seven days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Balloch, Row, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland.

On Saturday, Dec. 21, cheap excursions will be run from

PADDINGTON,

Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Cork and Killarney, for a fortnight or less; on Dec. 21 and 24 (night), to Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelly, Carmarthen, New Milford, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, returning on Dec. 26 or 28 (night); to Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 29 (night); on Monday, Dec. 23, to Waterford, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, for a fortnight or less; on Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Saverne, Devizes, Frome, Yeovil, Bridport, Weymouth, Portland, Minehead, Wellington, Tiverton, &c., returning on Dec. 26 (night); and on Tuesday night, Dec. 24, to Guernsey and Jersey, for a fortnight or less; to Llandilo, Cardigan, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 28 (night); to Wadebridge, St. Ives, Evesham, Worcester, Hereford, &c., returning Dec. 26 (night); and to Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, &c., returning Dec. 26, 28, or Jan. 1.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce cheap excursion bookings on Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Colchester, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Diss, Woodbridge, Beccles, Lowestoft, Newmarket, Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Fakenham, Wells, Norwich, Cromer, Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth, Spalding, Lincoln, Edwinstowe, Chesterfield, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, York, Leeds, Scarborough, Bradford, Wakefield, &c.; also, on Dec. 24 and 31, cheap bookings to Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Cheap excursion trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., on Tuesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, for three or seven days, by which return tickets will be issued at about a third-class single fare for the double journey. The single-fare tickets will be available for returning on any day within sixteen days from and including the date of issue. Cheap excursion trains will also be run from London (St. Pancras) on Tuesday, Dec. 24, to Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 26, 28, or Jan. 1. On Tuesday midnight, Dec. 24, a cheap two, four, or eight days' excursion train will be run to Leicester, Loughborough, &c.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

have made complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels in all the principal towns on their system, including the Midland and manufacturing districts in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Special through-vans will be run on the principal trains for the accommodation of the traffic, and the frequent service of parcel-vans and carts between the receiving offices and the railway stations will be in operation during Christmas week. The reduced rates in operation are in no case higher than the rates by Parcels Post.